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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Major General Sir Samuel Auchmuty.

THIS officer was born at New York, in America, on the 22d of June, 1758. He is the eldest son of the late Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, a respectable clergyman of the same place; and he is descended from the family of Auchmuty, in Scotland. The Rev. Dr. Auchmuty had but two sons, the youngest of whom is a merchant in North America. He had also three daughters, who are all married.

When the American war broke out, that fatal error of an obstinate cabinet, Dr. Auchmuty lost his ecclesiastical preferment; and at this time his son was a student at the college of New York, in which he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts. It is said, that he displayed some power of mind while here. His father destined him for the church, but the activity of his son's character made him averse from such a mode of life. His wishes pointed towards a military capacity; and these wishes commenced in his earliest years. In the year 1776, therefore, he joined the royal army under Sir William Howe, and obtained an ensigncy in the 45th regiment, in which he saw much active service, having been present at most of the actions in that and the subsequent campaign.

On the return of his majesty's troops from North America, Sir Samuel Auchmuty exchanged into the 52d regiment, and accompanied that corps to India, where he served during the Mysore war, and against the Rohillas. Here he attracted the attention of Lord Cornwallis, by whom he was appointed Deputy Judge Advocate General of Madras, prior to the well-known trial of Sir John Burgoyne. This office he filled with much reputation for several years with a liberal salary of 3,000l. per annum; when, being desirous of promoting his military prospects, the Marquis sent him to Bombay as brigade-major to the king's troops. He there joined the staff of General Meadows, on the removal of whom to Madras, Colonel Abercrombie succeeded to the government of Bombay, and selected Sir Samuel Auchmuty as his confidential staff officer. In this situation he served until his return to England in 1797. Sir Samuel Auchmuty was many years adjutant-general in India, and military secretary to the Commander in Chief.

In the year 1799, Colonel Auchmuty left England for the Red Sea, on board his Majesty's ship Romney, Captain Sir Home Popham, and at the Cape of Good Hope assumed the command of a brigade, which he took out with him to Suez. Having joined the Indian army under his friend Sir David Baird, he crossed the desert with it into Egypt, where he became adjutant-general.

In 1802 he returned to England, and at the commencement of the present war was appointed to the command of the Island of Thanet, where he remained until he was ordered to South America. In the month of October, 1806, Sir Samuel Auchmuty sailed from England with an expedition destined to reinforce General Beresford in Buenos Ayres. On his arrival, however, in the Rio de la Plata, he found that city no longer in possession of the British troops.

The conduct of General Auchmuty, in the assault of the important fortress of Monte Video, is universally known,

and has received no less applause than so gallant an action deserved. The critical situation in which he was placed made it necessary to adopt those measures, which proved eventually successful. He had not powder remaining sufficient for two days, and a formidable attack on his rear was hourly expected, as an army of 7 or 8000 Spaniards were approaching to raise the siege. These circumstances convinced the General of the necessity of carrying the town by assault without loss of time. Though he was perfectly sensible that his loss would be extremely severe, and though he felt reluctant at the sacrifice he must unavoidably make, yet he saw that it was necessary by a partial evil to avert that fate which would in all probability have awaited the whole of his brave troops, had the assault been delayed but another day.—*(See Universal Mag.* vol. vii. p. 378.*)*

Sir Samuel Auchmuty continued to exercise the chief command in Monte Video until the arrival of General Whitelocke on the 10th of May. During the period of his government, his justice and clemency gained him the affection of all the inhabitants. The grateful sense they entertained of his lenity on the day of victory, and of the mildness of his administration, will be seen in the address of the Cabildo, presented to Colonel Brown after the departure of Sir Samuel, and previous to the evacuation of the place.

At the attack on Buenos Ayres, Sir Samuel Auchmuty headed the right wing, which advanced against the Plaza de los Toros.

In this enterprise, which was attended with such complete success, he displayed the utmost personal intrepdity and valour. He put himself at the head of his grenadiers, and by his example inspired them with a resistless enthusiasm. In the midst of the hottest and most destructive fire, his gallant comrades falling around him in every direction, he continued undauntedly to rush on, exclaiming, while he waved his hat in the air, "Follow me, my brave lads, the day is ours." When they earnestly entreated him not to expose himself so much, he replied, "Think not of me, my boys, my life is but that of a common soldier."

After the disasters which succeeded, Sir Samuel Auchmuty embarked on board the Saracen frigate for England, where he arrived on the 12th of September, and brought the first intelligence to Europe of our misfortunes in South America.

Since his return to England, Sir Samuel has resided at his seat in Kent, near Feversham, calle Syndale House. On the 8th of May of the present year, he was promoted to the rank of major-general.

There are few officers in the service who have had the advantage of a more liberal education than Sir Samuel Auchmuty, or who possess a greater fund of military information. In his character there is nothing superficial, volatile, vain-glorious, or self-sufficient; it is marked by the most unassuming modesty, a trait which ever accompanies true merit, and gives additional lustre to the other qualificatcns by which he is adorned.

Mr. HAYLEY *a Borower from* THOMSON.

SIR,

I KNOW not that it has been observed by any reader of *Mr. Hayley's Life of Cowper*, that the concluding lines of his epitaph upon that poet seems to have been imitated from a passage in Thomson's Winter. I allude to the following, where, speaking of Pope, he says,

For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Winter, l. 554.

Now these lines appear to me to have been palpably imitated in the following couplet on Cowper:

His highest honors to the heart belong,
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.
Life of Cowper, v. iv. *p.* 189. 8*vo. Ed.*

If this literary scrap be worth your notice it is at your service, and

I remain, &c.

June 19, 1808. W.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* AFFINITIES *of* NATURE *in* BIRDS *and* ANIMALS. *By* J. J. VIREY.

AS the ascending degrees of intelligence in quadrupeds seem to be terminated by the family of apes,

so in birds, parrots seem to hold the same rank in the scale of nature.

If strength, courage, or arms alone gave empire in nature, the lion would be the king of the earth, the eagle the tyrant of the air, and the shark the lord of the ocean. But, whatever may be the power of these depredatory animals, it disappears before the human species: to him alone belongs the sceptre of the world, and the fiercest beings are compelled to submit to his yoke.

It is less to the vigour of his body than to the power of his mind, that man owes his conquests and his powers in the universe. What a disparity is there between the strength of man and that of an elephant or a whale! Yet, he tames the one and harpoons the other, even under the ice of the poles. The musquet subdues the eagle in the midst of his towering flight, and teaches him the inefficacy of his wings against his powerful enemy.

We must not, therefore, consider living beings under the relation of physical power, but under that of intelligential or mental energy. Man, indeed, is so elevated and so supreme above other animals, that we know not whom to place after him: he seems out of his place in the gradation of the universe. But let us suppose that he did not exist, and that he had not imparted any of his intelligence to the dog and to the domestic elephant, to which of the wild uncultivated animals should we decree the superiority of mind? Doubtless to those which might have the greatest analogies with our species: for if we consider instinct alone independently of intelligence, we must place the bee and the beaver in the first rank, and man himself would descend below the brute, because instinct is less active in him than in other animals.

But the moral qualities of living beings are more perfect in proportion as they offer greater affinities with those of man, who is at the very top of the scale in this particular. Whatever may be the intelligence of the dog, of the elephant, and of the beaver in a state of nature, their organization is not so susceptible of perfection as that of apes. We already know, perhaps, the utmost extent of mind in the dog, and in the elephant; but who has ever examined that of the orang outang? We have treated apes hitherto only as slaves; we speak to them with the whip in our hands, and with menaces on our tongues: in no respect have we sought to make them familiar, domestic, or attentive. We amuse ourselves with their grimaces and their dexterity, but have never observed them with philosophic attention. We have taught them to please, not to display all the resources of their organization, all the extent of their conceptions. It is not possible that they should be more dull than dogs, being better organized than they; for we constantly observe that the intellectual faculties of animals are in proportion to their organization. Because we are unacquainted with all the intellectual powers of the apes, are we therefore to conclude that they are, in fact, few? They are very distant from the human species, it must be confessed; but they are not so distant as the dog.

Besides, what other animals carry the imitative faculty to so high a degree? This extreme pliability of their organs, supposes also a great deal in their moral faculties which put them in motion. Man, in his most acute productions, in his most ingenious acts, does but imitate nature; the ape imitates man; the young quadruped imitates its parents, and each being has its education more or less perfect, according to its faculties. All imitation necessarily supposes comparison, and all comparison becomes judgment.

Independently of these considerations, we meet with analogies between viviparous quadrupeds and birds; analogies, so much the more striking, as they are not confined to some particular case, but extend through the whole class and under different relations. It seems as if nature took pleasure in tracing these reminiscences from one class to the other: as if she felt a regret at abandoning the first track of her work. Thus, the family of cats, panthers, leopards, &c. has its counterpart in the different species of owls, &c. which have a large head, sparkling eyes, and crooked claws. These two species

see and pursue their prey during the night; the cry of all of them is rough, sharp, and frightful; their colours even are analogous, being black spots upon a ground of an earthy or yellowish shade. Vultures are heavy and dirty, like badgers, &c.; like them too they are cowardly, and live upon carrion or coarse flesh. Who cannot discover an analogy between ruminating animals and the birds of the hen species? In both, are there not found many stomachs? The one ruminates their food, the other comminutes it in their gizzard: the spurs of the one represent the horns of the other. They are both polygamists, and both present a flesh grateful and nutritious to man. If the cow gives milk, the hen lays eggs. The cock is the bull, as the capon is the ox. The camel may be retraced in the ostrich; both live in the same climates; both have analogous manners. Rats and mice, which infest our houses, have many points of resemblance with the sparrow and other small birds that commit a thousand depredations in our fields and orchards. The sparrow, the swallow, nest under our roofs, like mice and rats: the fecundity is alike, and the colour even of each approaches by similar shades: their instinct is the same. There are emigrations of rats, &c. from one country to another, as among birds, whom winter and summer, plenty and want, hunt away and recal in certain countries All gnawing quadrupeds have the greatest affinities with small granivirous and insectivorous birds. Hogs, which wallow in the mud, resemble geese and mallards, which delight in marshy places; both the one and the other become very fat; and they are both stupid and insensible. And in this manner the analogies might be traced in the different species, through the whole creation.

But, striking as these affinities are, they are still more confirmed by those which are observed between apes and parrots. These two families inhabit almost exclusively, the tropical regions of the old and new world; they go, equally, in troops, live on the same fruits, keep upon the same trees, make their nests and places of abode in the same spots, imitate alike the human spieces, have the same manners, and the same habits. The long-tailed perroquets are the apes of the old continent; the long and short-tailed perroquets are like the sapajous and the sagouins of the new world. The lory perroquets represent the makis, &c. These comparisons extend even to peculiarities, so much does nature seem to have followed a road parallel to what she had traced in the formation of quadrupeds. Thus the perroquets use their long tails to climb more easily on the trees, like the sapajous, who twine theirs round the branches. And if we consider these two families of animals, always united under the same heavens, always congregated into society, disputing among each other for the same food, establishing a sort of communication of thoughts and manners, contracting a sort of intimacy by vicinity, and by the similarity of their emotions, we cannot fail, in comparing them accurately, to observe how completely parrots are the apes of birds, and apes the parrots of quadrupeds. Besides, they are both equally worthy of occupying the attention of the man who seeks only for amusement, and of the philosopher who delights in observation. For example, the same species of apes and parrots live together, and do not intermix with other species of the same genus. Each species of perroquets, like each species of monkey, keeps to one country, without dispersing among other races. They are separate natives, each of which has its customs and almost its government.

These considerations are sufficiently important to merit a detailed comparison in many particulars. It will be found, for example, that all those species of parrots which belong to the ancient continent are never found in the new world, which is the same with regard to apes. It may also be observed that these two extensive and beautiful races live only in the hottest climates of the earth, and form, as it were, a living circle round the globe; for these species of animals are found even in the most distant islands in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean and of the Pacific Sea, the frigid zones excepted.

It will be remaked that if there are fifty or sixty different species of apes upon the earth, there are four or five times more of parrots; and nearly the same proportion is observed between the other analogous species of birds and quadrupeds The more one of these families is numerous in the one, the more it will also be in the others, because there are six or eight times more birds than quadrupeds. Thus the larger species are in general fewer than the smaller, for nature multiplies them less in proportion as their size is greater. Of the elephant, for example, there are not more than two or three species, as also of the ostrich and cassowary; but rats and small birds are almost innumerable. If we find a family of birds in one country, we are almost certain to find a correspondent one of quadrupeds; for, like the parrots and the apes, who inhabit warm countries, so the ostrich and the camel are found in the arid sands of Lybia, the penguins and the albatross on the shores of the frozen seas, and the sea bears and the manati. The thread of analogy ought therefore to be followed in all its ramifications; and there is little reason to doubt, that the time may yet come when the same analogies, or at least some shades of resemblance, may be discovered between various classes of animals and plants; for already affinities have been detected, and who can pronounce where their similarities may end? Nature makes no violent transition in organized bodies. Every thing emanates from one general stem, of which the different branches form the classes and the natural families; its boughs are the species; its leaves represent the individuals, which, like their archetype, decay and renew perpetually Lost in the crowd of animated beings, we cannot discover the primitive root of this ancient and eternal tree of life. Thus the leaf withers on the tree, without our knowing whence it draws its origin, or what power formed it. It falls, and in the process of destruction, furnishes food for the production of other living beings. Nature is young in the enjoyment of eternal youth: she is regenerated by the ruins and the wreck of matter; in proportion as she developes herself and becomes enlarged, her extremities fall and decay; the wave of life succeeds the wave of life, and every one finally disappears in the ocean of eternity.

Illustrious Buffon! thou hast fallen also! Nature, which thou knewest so well how to paint with so much magnificence and majesty, has been equally inexorable towards thee, as towards the blossom of spring, and the other species of animals; and we also must one day descend into the cold and sullen sepulchre. Buffon, the great high priest of nature, has fallen beneath her laws; who therefore shall hope to elude them? If she had ever made an exception, that exception must have been in favour of Buffon. He has fallen; but his writings remain: they are an eternal foundation of his renown. The dust of the body vanishes after a few years, but the genius that once inhabited it remains; it flows into the capacious river of human generations. The tomb of the eloquent man remains not mute in the midst of men. The senseless stone which covers his bones speaks loudly to the human heart. Such then is the resting place alike of the common man and of the man of genius! Six feet of the vilest earth are the boundaries of human grandeur!

Thus individuals disappear and science remains. It is not in ourselves, but in nature, whose immortal productions she unveils. We do not create the sciences; we only discover them: they have existed in all ages, though they have not, in every age, been cultivated. It is a rich and goodly mine, which we throw to the earth without knowing its value. The most certain method of ascertaining its yet undiscovered veins, is to follow the thread of analogy, because every thing is connected in the universe; nothing is isolated; nothing can have an existence independantly of a whole. Nature is an immense sphere, of which each part becomes the centre of the whole, and the limits of which are lost in infinity.

On *the* Pronunciation *of the* Latin Language.

I OBSERVE, Sir, the letter of F. R. concerning my remarks on the pronunciation of the learned lan-

guages; and it becomes requisite to inform him that he has not only misunderstood me, but considerably wandered beyond his own depth. His assertion that *g* &c. were uttered with a hard sound before *e* and *i*, is incorrect; for there is good reason to believe that the modern Italians coincide with the ancient Romans in allotting a soft sound to those letters, when thus situated. In *Gruteri Vet. Inscript*, we find that the sculptor frequently engraved leciones for legiones, macesterium for magesterium, crescentsianus in lieu of crescentianus, urbitcius for urbicius, &c. which are certainly strong arguments, I might almost say, direct proof, that the idea already stated is correct. He affirms that the long sound of the vowels in fixit, nupsit, and other words, is of small importance, because they are long by position; but as my observations were directed to a ready acquisition of *prosody*, without so much of the present tedious process of scribbling nonsense-verses, a very slight degree of reflection might have shown him that in the etymons, figo and nubo, *i* and *u* are *not* long by position, although they are so in fact. It follows, that in these words, and many that might be added, a tyro cannot ascertain the quantity without a reference to his *gradus:* for although in these instances the pronunciation is long, it will prove no guide to him, because the case is the same in a considerable number, as licet, tumeo, which are in reality short. If however, in the various inflexions he had been universally accustomed to hear them uttered with the proper sound, as in the etymon, much trouble would of course be spared in a numerous class of vocables. Indeed, no rational cause can be assigned for giving the *i* in figo the proper lengthened sound of the same vowel in fines, and deviating from the correct delivery in the preterperfect, fixit, and the other tenses. I conclude with F. R.

P.S. Your *Tower-Hill* correspondent, no doubt, feels a proper consideration for the polite note of X. Y. from *Warrington*; but, as his object was merely to controvert the *principle* on which Pope grounded his censure of Milton, he might have consequently thought that quotation was not required. Had it been necessary, he could scarcely overlook the author who gave rise to the commentary; as in Iliad 16, 688, where the repetition, applied to Sarpedon, is productive of a melancholy grandeur, in communicating to our thoughts the mental perspective of a hero's posthumous fame. Were Pope's annotation critically correct, in reference to Homer, the imitation of Virgil or other poets could not operate in their acquittal, since they are but his successors, in regard to time; and truth, whether of moral or of critical sentiment, is in all ages immutable. The controversial virulence of Milton's temper, and "pity 'tis 'tis true," has perhaps rendered Dr. Johnson and others, but too willing to substitue, in the conclusions of *microscopic* analysis, the irritability for the acuteness of perception, and to extract a repulsive deformity from the most genuine graces of organized nature.

June 7, 1808. Σημα.

The EVILS *of* SUSPICION; *a Narrative.*

SUSPICION is a canker that deteriorates the noblest virtues. It degrades him who feels it, and it dishonours him who is unjustly its object. It is a characteristic of this passion too, that it is combined with sullenness, which fosters the former without offering any opportunity for its removal or decay. The mind of the suspicious man is closed against the rays of truth; it dwells in voluntary and gloomy darkness; it feeds upon black and frightful images, and repels the power that would turn it from its own abhorred repast. It is a willing slave to baseness: nor does it stop in its ignoble career, till it is awakened to truth and remorse by the shock of some necessary, but unexpected evil.

SUSPICOSUS was married in early life to MARIA, and had found in marriage such happiness as marriage was likely to give. MARIA had been carefully educated, and she possessed a fund of native good sense, joined to a warm and feeling heart. She was elegant in her person, refined in her manners, and frank in her disposition. She loved reading, and she had what is a common consequence of reading, a slight enthusiasm of character. She

was attentive in the exercise of her domestic duties, and suffered nothing to impede the execution of what she considered as the peculiar functions of a wife. SUSPICOSUS was the object of her choice, and marriage, when it had subdued the fervor of love, left in her bosom a lasting and sincere affection.

SUSPICOSUS had an unfeigned regard for MARIA; but it was a regard that had its principle basis upon external recommendations. He was not insensible of the virtues of her heart, but he had no high and generous feeling of them. He was sometimes gratified by their consequences, but he knew not how to honour them for themselves. He was fully alive, however, to her personal attractions, and listened with rapture to the applauses of his friends, as they commended the dignity of her deportment or the beauty of her countenance. He was happy in the possession of a handsome wife, without reflecting that the pleasure arising from the possession of beauty is the pleasure of a child over a gilded toy.

The mind of SUSPICOSUS was not enlarged, and he therefore participated but little in those mental pleasures which formed so considerable a part of the delights of MARIA. He did not, however, forbid her to pursue them, though he never omitted any opportunity of ridiculing the warmth of her expressions when she spoke of any favorite author. He always treated with sarcastic petulance her knowledge; affected to disbelieve her progress in French and Italian, when she was learning those languages, and rudely suppressed her discourse when it rose above the level of ordinary conversation. MARIA patiently submitted to what she wisely considered as a small evil in the account of life; and willingly strove to be the companion of her husband, when her husband was present. In his absence, could she find a friend that would partake of her mental delights, she was happy. She often repeated with warmth and feeling the lines of Young:

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts, shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied;
Speech! thought's canal: speech! thought's criterion too

It is a natural step from reading to composition. Perhaps no person who reads much has ever totally refrained from the attempt to commit his thoughts to paper. In the absence of a friend, the power of composition relieves the mind from grief, and partakes with it of joy; and MARIA was accustomed to employ this vehicle for the alleviation of those feelings which are so common to sensible minds. But nothing could more deeply offend SUSPICOSUS than any sort of literary composition; he thought it an avenue to corruption: nay, in the narrow bigotry and ignorance of his mind, he thought it a degradation. Whenever, therefore, MARIA indulged this solitary solace, she was compelled to destroy or conceal whatever she wrote.

It happened that one morning she had translated from Rousseau's *Heloise* one of the most impassioned letters from *Julia* to *St. Preux*. It was done merely as an exercise, with a view to ascertain her accuracy in the language she was then studying. She had caught all the vivid glow of the original: she was pleased with it; and instead of destroying it immediately, as was her usual custom, she kept it to read a second time.

By some accident this translation fell from her pocket, and was picked up by SUSPICOSUS. He knew his wife's hand, and read the letter with trembling and astonishment. What could it mean? To whom could it be addressed? Was she false and infamous? Was she carrying on an intrigue even in the very house and under his very eye, with some abandoned seducer? Yes, she was; for he held the evidence in his own hands. But still, he thought it impossible, for the tenderness of her affection, the purity of her principles, and the little cause he had given for such a deviation, were strong against the presumption.

SUSPICOSUS wanted liberality of character; he was proud and reserved where he but thought an injury, and

instead of coming forward in an open manly way to state the grievance which he felt, he smothered the real or fancied wrong within his bosom, and it was only in his dark and sullen look, in his cold and altered conduct, that you could read his displeasure. He kept the letter, but never questioned MARIA respecting its import or its destination.

MARIA had missed the paper, but innocence knows no fears. She readily imagined that it might fall into the hands of SUSPICOSUS; but if it did, she also thought that he must at once know from its nature, from the manner in which it was written, that it could be nothing but what it was.

When they met at dinner, SUSPICOSUS was silent and gloomy; and he retired to his own room immediately the meal was over. MARIA was alarmed and hurt at this appearance, but endeavoured to suppress any rising fears, by attributing it to some chagrin of mind arising from causes in which she had no concern. At the tea table, however, SUSPICOSUS was still the same, and when MARIA attempted to introduce any topic of discourse, he either made no answer, or replied with laconic sullenness. It was in vain she urged him to disclose any cause of sorrow or vexation that oppressed him: it was in vain she strove by every kind and gentle blandishment, by every token of affection she could employ, to induce him to reveal the secret uneasiness he felt. In the apprehension of greater evils, she forgot topics of meaner import; the translated letter now no longer occupied her mind; it was a trifle that could find no place in her recollection. But her silence on this subject only served to aggravate the suspicion of her husband: he thought it proceeded from callous indifference, or else, that the paper he had was but a rough sketch, now of no value, as the perfect copy had been dispatched to its object. Thus doubt increased doubt, and each doubt created fresh anxiety. His mind and feelings became warped; he saw every action of MARIA through a new medium; he heard every word she uttered with a new sense. If she was gay at his return home, she had just been quitted by her paramour; if pensive, he had come too soon, and disappointed her of an interview with him; if she smiled at his departure, it was from expectation; if she was sad, it was hypocrisy. If she went abroad, it was to see him, or to receive letters; if she staid at home, the servant had been bribed to bring them. Every thing she did or said was perverted, and this constant irritation of mind rendered him at length habitually peevish, cold, and sullen.

MARIA observed this fatal change in her husband, and sought in vain to fathom the cause of it. Her heart acquitted her of any crime towards him, and she felt that her love for him was still unabated. That love, however, was no longer amiable in his eyes, and its manifestation was repulsed with disgust. Her hours of solitude were now no longer devoted to the pleasing task of instruction, but to the corroding inroad of grief and sorrow: she sought her chamber to weep undisturbed, and she issued from it with a countenance falsely dressed in delusive smiles.

The delicate frame of MARIA sunk under the poignancy of this conflict. The roses withered from her cheek; the sparkling of her eye was quenched. A slow and wasting disease brought her to the bed of death; and, as she lay there, her husband first felt the iniquity of his conduct. He now thought her innocent and virtuous, when her innocence and virtue could no longer adorn the ranks of society. He saw her pallid countenance, her sunken cheek, her withered form; and beheld them with agony.

One morning, the last that ever dawned upon the mortal sight of MARIA, he approached her bed side with trembling; he threw himself upon his knees, and, in a faultering voice, he questioned her about the letter. The thought that now flashed across MARIA's mind was electrical; she raised herself from her pillow; she explained the whole; in the tears of her husband she read his contrition; she felt that she was again innocent in his eyes, and with the fervid glow of that consciousness upon her cheek, she expired!

June 11, 1808. M.

Modern Goths.

Sir,

THE Goths have long been stigmatised as a barbarous people, not only themselves ignorant of all arts and sciences, but enemies of them in others: it is true they were ignorant compared to the enervated, though polished, Romans whom they conquered; but Pinkerton has proved that they possessed some principles of knowledge, and that they were the authors of those stupendous works which are generally termed Celtic or Druidical; that they were the inventors of that style of architecture which has long passed under their name, is now completely disproved, and if they had been, we should not have been justified in calling them barbarians: but these buildings were all erected by Christians, and there is no evidence of any Gothic nation being converted to christianity. The ancient Goths then were not so ignorant as is generally supposed, though they destroyed the works of the Romans; but there is a sort of modern Goths who deserve the title from their barbarous ignorance of every thing in which knowledge, taste, and imagination are concerned, and these modern Goths are to be found in every rank of society.

Among those employed in arts and professions they are those who know none but their own, and of the rich who have no need to follow any employment, they comprise almost the whole division; for it is the duty of every man, who has leisure and opportunity, both for his own sake and for the sake of others, to possess himself of every branch of useful and ornamental knowledge, to refine and cultivate his mind by the study of polite literature, and to be acquainted with those arts which are justly termed elegant, since there are few men who will not at some time or other profit by such an acquaintance; and yet how many are there of the modern Goths who, when any subject of knowledge becomes the topic of conversation, turn away with dread and aversion, or turn the discourse by some fool-born jest or conceited pleasantry! How many, who in travelling through the different parts of the country for the mere purpose of getting rid of their time, pass over the most beautiful scenes of art and nature with the most frigid indifference, whose only pleasure is in a good inn, and whose greatest annoyance is a bad post-chaise or a pair of bad horses; they travel post, by the most splendid remains of antiquity or the finest specimens of modern art, without once stopping either to examine or enquire; they can hardly tell a castle from a cottage, and would visit the ruins of Melrose and our best preserved cathedrals with equal indifference; or if they happen to be possessed of any beautiful remains of antiquity, would pull down or convert a church into a stable, a castle into a cow-house, or a priory into a barn, without the smallest regard to the beauty of the workmanship, or the smallest feeling for the feelings of others, or for any thing but their own convenience.

The modern Goths are greater barbarians than their ancestors; for they live in the light of civilization and science, when books are every where to be had which might open their eyes to the treasures and the beauties of antiquity, so that they have no excuse for their ignorance but a sordid, stupid disposition. Much more might be added to shew the unpardonable blindness of the modern Goths, but I have not time to add more at present.

I remain, &c.

W. Burdon.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
May 15, 1808.

Hints *respecting the real Character of* Mary, Queen *of* England. *By Mr.* Brewer.

[*Concluded from p.* 398.]

IN regard to Elizabeth, it will be recollected that Mary did not stand in a situation pointedly dissimilar to that in which Elizabeth herself was afterwards placed with Mary Queen of Scots. As it appears to me, the conduct of the two sisters in this predicament would, if related with impartiality, redound by comparison (to adopt the historical fashion) to the high honour of the elder.

The behaviour of Elizabeth (though some minute circumstances may ad-

mit of controversy) is too well known to need in this place any resemblance of a prolix detail. Mary's chief offence, except precedence in personal beauty, was her right of heirship to the crown, for which Elizabeth hated and feared her. Mary threw herself on her kinswoman's protection, and was imprisoned, with circumstances of severity incredible, if not authenticated. A rumour of conspiracy was spread, and she was put to death.

Elizabeth was also heir to the crown, and was accused by Sir Thomas Wyat of a conspiracy against her sister's government. Thus, even in respect to political motives, was Mary as strongly tempted to rid herself of the danger of a rival caballer as was afterwards the "virgin queen." But Mary as a woman had much stronger temptations than as a sovereign. The Earl of Devonshire, a young nobleman of the most engaging qualifications, had won the heart of Mary in earliest youth. He was a particularly suitable match. He was an Englishman, and nearly allied to the crown. But the first ardent wish of the queen was defeated, and that by her sister, for the Earl attached himself to the princess: the Queen was slighted, and Elizabeth triumphed.

The ancient quarrel between their mothers, likewise, must be supposed not quite forgotten in the breast of the ruling party, especially when the great share Anna Boleyn took in the Reformation is duly considered: yet these two circumstances conjoined were insufficient to provoke her to that foul crime which Elizabeth taught the world, on a future occasion, how to commit without a blush. It is true the rivalry of Elizabeth caused the Queen to look with coolness on her; and therefore the princess retired to her house of Ashridge, in Hertfordshire; but the style in which she there resided may be gathered from the parade with which she entered London, when summoned thither on account of the accusation of Sir Thomas Wyat. "Between four and five of the clock at night," says a MS. quoted in Nichols' Progresses, "my Lady Elizabeth's grace came to London, through Smithfielde, untoo Westminster, with a hundred velvet cotts after her grace. And her grace rode in a charytt open on both sides; and her Grace had, rydinge after her, a hundred in cotts of fine redde, gardyd with velvett," &c. With this pomp was the person conducted to London, who was accused of conspiring against her sister's life! — Surely a sanguinary tyrant should be made of "sterner stuff?"

As so much publicity of grandeur was allowed to the princess on her entry, it is but just to conclude that she could not satisfactorily exonerate herself from the heavy charge preferred against her, when more strenuous measures were resorted to. This supposition is strengthened by the deliberation with which the circumstances were investigated, as she remained a fortnight at court before she was ordered to the tower. While in confinement, under the suspicion of treasonable practices, though at first she was attended only by the lieutenant's servants, yet, suddenly, an order came for her table to be served by a part of her own establishment, viz. two yeomen of her chamber, one of her robes, two of her pantry and ewry, one of her buttery, one of her cellar, another of her larder, and two of her kitchen. By all but the prejudiced it must be admitted probable, that the first indignity offered the princess was by command of the privy council, at whose head was Bishop Gardiner; and that on her applying to the Queen for a more respectful attendance, her wish was immediately granted. It is certain that Mary received letters from her at this juncture, as one is quoted by Camden in his Eliz.

When Wyat, at the place of execution, made confessions favourable to the character of Elizabeth, she was released from the tower, and conveyed to Woodstock, where she lodged in a chamber "curiously carved, and painted blue sprinkled with gold." We can scarcely avoid supposing that her confinement here was not the most dreary imaginable, since, when Queen, she was particularly attached to this palace as a residence; and Bedingfield her "jailor," whom history represents in all the terrific colours of the hired assassin, with a scowling brow,

a curled lip, and a hand ever grasping a dagger, which points to a poisoned bowl—this horrible janitor *she visited* during her progress in 1578, and was in the habit of receiving frequently at court!! To common sense I propose these queries:—Is it likely that a female, possessed of sovereign power, would fondly revisit the prison in which she had often slept under the horrible dread of assassination? And could human lenity so far conquer the natural suggestions of repugnance, as to allow the possibility of a voluntary and convivial intercourse with the wretch from whose poinard she had escaped by chances little short of miracles?—The prison-room, iron-bars, assassin, bowl of hemlock, &c. were the offspring of Fox's poetical imagination. From Fox, Holinshed transcribes; and Holinshed, succeeding historians refer to as authority! Such is the basis of historical assertion!!

But the part of Queen Elizabeth's story rendered most dramatic by the legend-bearers is the circumstance of her being removed from a PRISON to a throne. Here is contrast in perfection. A frightful, excavated recess on one hand, with bolts and bars rusted by noxious vapours: on the other, a crown, the dazzling rays of diamonds, the homage of a world, the possession of absolute power. In the back-ground (a striking figure!) behold "blood-thirsty Mary!" In dreadful secresy she sharpens the knife intended to pierce, in the dark solitude of a dungeon, the bosom of her enchained sister!—The vizor would be highly attractive, says the fable, if it had brains; and this story would be extremely interesting if it were true.

The *prison* from which Elizabeth was moved, on the death of her sister, was, it may be recollected, the palace of Hatfield. Here she had a retinue and establishment befitting her exalted rank. An extract from a curious MS. Chronicle describes one of her entertainments as "a great and rich maskinge, wher the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were thar twelve minstrels, anticly disguised, with forty-six, or more, gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles; and there was a devise of a castell of cloth of gold, &c. At night the cuppboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainlie furnished, with garnish of gold and silver vessul, and a banket of seventie dishes, &c. The next day the play of Holophernes was performed."

Not only were the personal expenses of the princess unlimited, and her liberty entire, but she was allowed to maintain a sort of court at Hatfield, and possessed a palace in town. *Strype* tells us, that, on such a day, "the Lady Elizabeth came riding from her house at Hatfield to London, *attended with a great compañie of lords, and nobles, and gentlemen*, unto her place called Somerset Place, beyond Strond Bridge, to do her duty to the Queen." In another part, he says, "that aforenoon the Lady Elizabeth's grace took her horse, and rode to her palace of Shene, with many lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen, and a goodlie company of horse, (i. e. attendants)."

Her visits to court were far from infrequent, and her entertainment there, now that she preserved herself from all suspicion of political intrigue, was friendly and magnificent. In one of her visits she went by water in the Queen's barge, which was richly hung with garlands of artificial flowers, and covered with a canopy of the most costly description. Six boats attended the procession, filled with her highness's retinue, habited in russet-damask, and blue embroidered sattin, spangled with silver. On Christmas eve, the great hall of the palace was illuminated with a thousand lamps, curiously disposed. The princess supped at the same table in the hall with the King and Queen, next to the cloth of state. On the 29th day of December, she sat with their majesties, at a grand spectacle of justing, &c.

From these brief quotations, the nature of Mary's severity towards her sister must fully appear; and the drama of history be proved deficient in all but poetical justice. Would the woman, who treated an offensive sister with so much real generosity, have beheaded Mary Queen of Scots?

The invidious comparison between the sister-queens, suggested by most historians, and admired by many rea-

ders, surely, in this particular, defeats its own purpose. On a strict and fair parallel, Mary would be found deficient in two instances, which unhappily rendered nearly useless that natural integrity of heart, which, from her demeanor towards Elizabeth, I must believe she possessed:—She was inferior in strength of mind, and in those qualifications which are the result of instruction. It is well known that the papists of this distant age were not fond of disseminating learning among the laity; and the priests from whom Mary received her education had a particular and obvious interest in preserving her in such a state of mental deficiency, as would render her a more obedient instrument of their wishes, should she ever attain supremacy in the state. On every occasion Mary's want of expanded views and extensive information may be readily detected. In no one instance did she ever exhibit proofs even of natural shrewdness, or untutored political ability. Is it not then equitable to place her acquiescence in the religious cruelty which marked her reign, rather to her want of independence of sentiment than to such a constitutional barbarity as would entitle her to the opprobrious appellation of a sanguinary tyrant? When we view the extreme forbearance with which she acted in regard to Elizabeth, so truly offensive in so many particulars, we must be bigots, though in an opposite direction to Mary, if we persist in thinking otherwise.

If (intent on preserving the stigma which historians have affixed to the name of this unfortunate princess) it is contended that Elizabeth was saved from destruction, purely by the interference of Philip, Mary's husband, I reply, that in no instance, on valid authority, can this be proved the case; but even admitting the possibility of such a presumption being correct, it must assuredly strengthen the grounds on which I affirm that scarcely any act of Mary's reign was the result of her personal inclination. Since, if she spared her most offensive foe, whether we look on the enmity as religious or otherwise, at the solicitation of the man who had not individual power to command, certainly, without determined to be partial and unjust, we must suppose that she was equally indeterminate on all other subjects to which her assent was necessary.

But Sir Thomas Wyat's conspiracy (a rare opportunity for ridding herself of her rival, if such a purpose had occupied her mind) occurred before her marriage. From this peril therefore, of course, Elizabeth was not preserved, by her brother-in-law. Philip was likewise absent in Spain for a considerable period, and a sanguinary tyrant would scarcely have failed to profit by his absence. A thousand hands only waited for her signal to stretch Elizabeth a corpse on the floor of that Hertfordshire palace, which, by favour of a poetical license, our historians are pleased to term a dungeon.

Should any writer undertake the history of this reign, with the generous wish of eliciting truth, he will find more MS. chronicles to assist his labour than would the narrator of any other remote period of our history; and I repeat that, from Mary's conduct in regard to Elizabeth accurately investigated, he will be able to exhibit her personal character in a light quite different from that in which it has usually been placed.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. N. BREWER.

On HEALTH *and* LONGEVITY. *By the Rev.* JOSEPH TOWNSEND, *Rector of Pewsey, Wilts.*

WE hear much in colleges of the *Vis inertiæ* of matter, that is of its tendency to persevere in a state of rest or of motion in one right line, till it is either moved or diverted from its course by some foreign power. Such *Vis Inertiæ* is found in the human constitution, which, by the laws of nature, will preserve its course even to extreme old age, unless disturbed by some error, in, what by physicians have been denominated, the *non-naturals*. Of these, the most subject to our dominion are the *retenta et excreta*. To them therefore our principal attention should be directed, that we may set a watch over the door of our lips, or if, through want of caution, we have suffered the

enemy to enter the fortress; we may hasten his departure by those means, which nature has placed within our reach. For this purpose the adage of Lord Bacon should never be forgotten:—"Nil tam ad sanitatem & longevitatem conducit quam crebræ & domesticæ purgationes."

It is universally understood, that temperance contributes much to health, and health to protracted life. But few men, when they sit down to pleasant food, are strictly temperate. Hence it comes to pass, that want of health is frequently attendant upon affluence. Disease, however, and premature decay are not the peculiar inheritance of wealth. All men are liable to exceed the bounds of moderation, and to overload the alimentary canal. In such circumstances the best preventative against disease is to hasten the discharge of this superabundance from the body by some slight cathartic, such as may give relief without impairing the powers of digestion.

As we advance in years, moderation becomes more essentially needful to the preservation of health. Till we have arrived at the acmè of our growth, a constant supply is to be provided, not merely for reparation of daily waste, but for increase in bulk. After this period the quantity of food should be diminished, because one principal purpose of the increasing demand has been completely answered, and nothing remains to be provided for but the daily waste. Should, however, the supply of aliment continue undiminished, this superabundance, if digested and received into the system, must produce immoderate repletion of the vessels, and tend to bring on apoplexy, which may terminate either in palsy or in death.

Nature herself suggests to us the necessity of some regulation as to our quantity of food, and provides a remedy against inordinate repletion. For as from our infancy, till we arrive at maturity, the number of teeth is constantly increasing, and with our increasing years new grinders are produced; so, when we have reached the acmè of our growth, the last acquired teeth are the first in their decay, and in our decrepitude not one tooth remains.

It is well understood that *plethora* produces apoplexy. What precaution then can be applied? What remedy provided against immoderate increase in bulk and repletion of the vessels? Next to occasional abstinence and habitual temperance none can be so effectual as that recommended by Lord Bacon, his "crebræ & domesticæ purgationes."

So much for *plethora*, and for the most fatal disease attendant upon it as the immediate cause.

But independently of this, should the intestines themselves be overloaded, various diseases must be the consequence. Among these, and not the least formidable, is to be reckoned apoplexy, so fatal to both young and old, who indulge, beyond the bounds of moderation, their appetite for food.

The apoplexy here brought forward to our notice, is not the same species with that which is attendant upon plethora, but may be produced either by the pressure of a loaded stomach on the descending aorta, or by *spasmodic* stricture of the diaphragm in that part, through which this artery descends.

The proper remedy for this repletion of the bowels is temperance; but, as the bowels when overcharged with food become more sluggish in their peristaltic motion, the remedy proposed by Lord Bacon will here apply, and it will be found that "Nil tam ad sanitatem & longevitatem conducit quam crebræ & domesticæ purgationes."

The greatest number of the human race perish by acute diseases, cut off before the maturity of age.

Those are commonly attended by inflammatory symptoms, at least in their commencement, and never fail to be aggravated, when the intestines happen to be loaded with indigested sordes. Hence on their first attack, the expert physician is ever anxious to begin his operations by evacuating the alimentary canal. But frequently it happens that he is called in too late; the strength of the patient has been exhausted by the disease, and the whole class of evacuants must then be most sparingly applied.

Now, had the patient either have been sufficiently temperate in his quantity and choice of food, or had he been in the habit of cleansing from time to time the alimentary canal, the necessity for powerful evacuants would not have existed, and by proper management he would in most diseases have had the greatest probability of cure, and would have remained with this conviction on his mind, that "Nil tam," &c.

With increasing years a natural torpor is produced, which usually extends to the alimentary canal. This we find increased in persons of sedentary habits, by the determination to the internal surface which loads the mucous glands, lines the intestines with a tenaceous phlegm, prevents the action of the bile, and produces costiveness.

In such circumstances the most effectual remedy is to be sought for in the deterging process recommended by our great philosopher.

From the observations I have had an opportunity of making in the course of a long life among the rich, and a very extensive practice among the poor, I am convinced that nothing contributes more to health and longevity than proper attention to the alimentary canal. This part nature has subjected to our controul; of the other organs she takes charge herself. By attention to this we may enjoy a vegete old age; by neglect and by abuse of it we may hasten premature decrepitude and death.

On some future occasion I may enlarge upon this subject, and submit to your readers the observations I have made on the numerous species included in that class of medicine which this great philosopher recommends to our attention.

EXTRACTS *from* POLYÆNUS' STRATAGEMS. *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

[*Continued from p.* 393.]

No. 33.—*Alexander.*

ALEXANDER led his army by the side of a river, the enemy lying along the bank, in a hot season. The thirsty soldiers cast their eyes, he observed, on the flowing water. Lest, by drinking, they should break their ranks and their march should be impeded, he commanded the herald to proclaim, that "they should refrain drinking from that river, for the water had a deadly quality." They abstained from fear, and quickened their march. He pushed his rout, and fixed his tents, and then he and his officers, in the sight of the soldiers, drank at the river. They all laughed on discovering the cause of the deceit, and quenched their thirst without any apprehension.

No. 34.—*Cambyses.*

Cambyses besieged Pelusuim. The Egyptians made a brave resistance; and shutting up the ports of Egypt, and drawing up their machines, they poured from them their sharp darts, stones, and fire. Cambyses, because the Egyptians worshipped such animals, placed before his army, the ibis, dogs, sheep, and cats. The Egyptians suspended thowing, lest they should strike any one of the sacred animals. Thus Cambyses took Pelusuim, and advanced into Egypt.

No. 35.—*Xerxes.*

Xerxes had lost many Persians at Thermopilæ, on account of the narrow passes of the mountains; when one Ephialtes, a native of Trachis, pointing out to him a straight path round the mountains, he sent two thousand men to come on the back of the Grecians, who slew all that were led by Leonidas.

No. 36.—*Mithridates.*

Mithridates was commanded by the king to slay, or to bring alive to him, Datames, who had rebelled. He himself pretended also to have revolted from the king: but Datames would not credit him till he had committed considerable devastations in the king's dominions. He immediately began his depredations; he destroyed even to the ground the royal castles, burnt the villages, plundered the revenues, and carried off a great booty. He thus made a show of hostility to the king. They then both met together unarmed, to deliberate on proper measures. Mithridates had previously collected together on the spot in the night a number of daggers, and hid them in different parts of the ground, putting a mark on them. In the course of conversation, he by degrees led him, as they were walking, to one place;

and when they had sufficiently talked over subjects, Datames saluted him and walked off. Mithridates instantly laid hold of a poignard, and concealed it under his left hand, and called Datames back, as if he had forgotten something which he ought to have said. When Datames returned, pointing to one hill, he advised him to fortify that hill; and Mithridates, stabbing Datames in the back as he turned to look at the hill, slew him.

No. 37.—*Surenas.*

Surenas, the general of the Parthians, when Crassus was retreating after a great slaughter, and attempting a march over very high grounds from fear that desperation would urge him to renew the battle, sent an ambassador to him, to say, "that the great king offered him friendship, for as he had shown the Romans his bravery, he wished to give them a proof of his humanity." Crassus, suspecting treachery, was not compliant. The soldiers, dispirited and quite worn out with fatigue, clashed their arms together, and compelled him to credit the Barbarian. Crassus reluctantly went to him on foot. Surenas received him with great politeness, and presented to him a horse with a bridle that had a gold bit, on which he directed him to sit. He mounted the horse; but the Barbarian, being a manager of horses, applied the spur to it and put it on full speed; so that it carried Crassus into the midst of the Parthians. Octavius, an officer of Crassus, perceiving the trick, seized the reins; and after him Petronius, one of the Tribunes, did the same; when Octavius, drawing his sword, slew Surenas. A Parthian on that killed Octavius; and Exaithres, another Parthian, Crassus; and, cutting of his head and right hand, bore them to Herod the Great, King of the Parthians. It happened, that at that instant of time, the king was entertaining some friends, and was listening, over the cup, to the tragedian Thrason, of Thrallis, acting a part in the Bacchis of Euripides. The actor was reciting this verse:

"From the mountains we lead a new
"Slain heifer to the temple; a propitious booty."

They brought in and offered to the king the head of Crassus. At this there was a general shouting and clapping of hands. Exaithres, jumping up, cried out, "I had better join in these songs and chorus than with the tragedian." The king, being much pleased, gave Jason a rich present, and bestowed on Exaithres the honours of the country.

No. 38.—*Numa.*

Numa, desirous of diverting the attention of the Romans from war and slaughter to peace and legislation, withdrew from the city to the sacred grove of the nymph Egena: when he had spent many days there he returned, bringing with him the oracles of the nymph, which he advised them to receive as laws. The Romans obeyed him. All the feasts, sacrifices, expiations, and sacred rites, which are in use this day are the same which Numa ordained, as the institutions of the nymph.

He appears to me to have been, in this respect, the rival of Minos and Lycurgus. For so they, having learnt or pretending to have received their laws, the former from Jupiter, the latter from Apollo, the one prevailed with the Laconians, the other with the Cretans, to adopt them.

No. 39.—*Tarquinius.*

Tarquinius, having for a long time besieged Gabii and not being able to take it, ordered his youngest son Sextus to be scourged, and then sent him off as a deserter. The Gabians, perceiving how his body was marked with severe stripes, received him, making many and great professions of what he would do against his father. As he carried his threats into execution, confidence was placed in him. He laid waste the lands of the Romans, put the inhabitants to flight, took many of them prisoners, and conquered them in many skirmishes. The Gabians, filled with admiration, invested him with the absolute command of their forces. On this he secretly sent a messenger to his father, to ask him what steps he should take? Tarquinius, happening at that time to be in conversation in his garden, struck off the heads of the highest poppies, and said to the messenger, "Tell my son to do the same." When he had made his report, Sextus put to death the lead-

ing persons of Gabii, and having thus weakened and destroyed the power of the city, he delivered it into the hands of the Romans.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTER *from* POMARE, KING *of* OTAHEITE, *to the* MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

POMARE, the King of Otaheite, who has long been in the habit of visiting, and familiarly conversing with, the British Missionaries at Matavai, in that island, has assiduously applied himself, for a considerable time, under their direction, to attain the art of writing, which at length he has acquired.

A letter having been sent to Pomare by the Directors of the Missionary Society, the Missionaries carefully translated it, and laid it before him. The following answer, in the Taheitan language, was composed entirely by himself; it was then translated by the Missionaries into English, which translation was copied by the King.

The annexed is an exact copy of his English letter, and may be considered as a literary curiosity.

The Letter in the Taheitan Language.

(COPY.)

Matavae, Tahete, Jan. 1*st*, 1807.

EHOAMA,

Eaorana utou ehoama ete nohoraa ete fenua, e ete faapee ra mae ete fenua eeno nee ete fenua maamaa nee eté fenua parau eno nee ete fenua ete ore ete peu maetatae, eté fenua ete ore ete Atua mau nee, ete fenua haapao ata nee. Eaorana utou ehoama, eaora hoe au, Eaora hoe ta tou ea Jehovah.

Ehoama. Teee táu parau ea utou, eta utou parau eta mae na, eto utou tere, eto utou henaaro. Uatea roatu eau; uatea varu váu ea na ea Oro hopoe maore Oea e Raeatea.

Ehoama. Ua faaroo maore ou, eta utou parau.

Ehoama. Teee hoe tou henaara. E faatea mae hoe utou e tou henaaro, e faatono mae hoe utou ete Taota ea rahe, e te vahene, e te tamaetete. Ehoama, Homae hoe te ta oa ree, e te Ahu no matou, e haapee hoe matou ete peu no Peretane. Ehoama. Homae hoe te pupuhe ea rahe e te Powder ea rahe hoe, e fenua ta máe rahe to matou. Ea pohe au aeta Ooutou taua e Tahete nee, eaha utou e fano mae ea pohe au. Fenua haa pao ata Tahete nee eaha uton e fano mae ea pohe au ete mae. Teee hoe te tahe henaaro ou, e fapono mae utou e te ta oa ree eáha e toe te peu ree no Bretane. E fapono mae utou. Homae hoe te peu ree no te ta parau, e te Paper, e te Ink, e te Pen, earahe noa mae te peu, te peu te peu ree eaha roa etoe te peu ree no te ta parau.

Ehoama. Terara, tera roa tu tau parau ea utou na. Eto utou henaaro ete haapee ea Tahete nee. Uatea roatu ea. eáu, te huru aea e muraa eho aeta eete maetae, e mea maetae hoe te na te re, uatea roa ea u, ua faa rue te peu eno roatu. Tau parau mau te na e ene te parau haa vare e parau mau roatu te na. Terara roara ua hope táu paru.

Ehoama. Eta mae utou ete parau ea ete hoe au e ta utou parau.

Eaorana utou ehoama, ea ora hoe au.

Eaora toa hoe ta tou ea,

Jehovah.

POMARE EAREE NO TAHEITE.

Na

te mau hoa nou,

na Missionary Society,

Tee London.

(TRANSLATION.)

Matavae, Otahete, Jan. 1*st*, 1807.

FRIENDS,

I wish you every blessing friends in your residence in your country, with success in teaching this bad land, this foolish land, this wicked land, this land which is ignorant of good, this land that knoweth not the true God, this regardless land.

Friends, I wish you health and prosperity, may I also live, and may Jehovah save us all.

Friends, with respect to your letter you wrote to me, I have this to say to you, that your business with me, and your wishes I fully consent to, and shall consequently banish Oro, and send him to Raeatea.

Friends, I do therefore believe and shall obey your word.

Friends, I hope you also will consent to my request, which is this: I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here.

Friends, send also property, and cloth for us, and we also will adopt English customs.

Friends send also plenty of muskets

and powder, for wars are frequent in our country. Should I be killed, you will have nothing in Tahete: do not come here when I am dead, Tahete is a regardless country, and should I die with sickness, do not come here. This also I wish, that you would send me all the curious things that you have in England. Also send me every thing necessary for writing. Paper, Ink, and Pens in abundance, let no writing utensil be wanting.

Friends, I have done, and have nothing at all more to ask you for. As for your desire to instruct Tahete, tis what I fully acquiesce in. Tis a common thing for people not to understand at first, but your object is good, and I fully consent to it, and shall cast off all evil customs.

What I say is truth, and no lie, it is the real truth.

This is all I have to write, I have done.

Friends write to me, that I may know what you have to say.

I wish you life and every blessing. May I also live, and may Jehovah save us all.

POMARE, KING OF TAHETE.

For
my friends
The Missionary Society
London.

An ESSAY *on the* ITALIAN DRAMA.

SIR,

TO detain the reader with a discussion of the benefit to be derived from an acquaintance with foreign literature, whether ancient or modern, would be unnecessary in this enlightened age. The disadvantages under which he labours whose knowledge of literature extends not beyond the productions of his own country, are very obvious. The sphere of enjoyment of the purest pleasure of our nature, is to him bounded and circumscribed: and even of his own native literature, he can in general possess neither the same keen perception of the faults, nor the same sensibility to the beauties, as the man, who, throwing aside the distinctions of country and age, has formed his taste on the broad principles of human nature. To the latter a wider field of observation is opened; and he beholds his object from the proper distance, and with all the advantages of an extensive contrast. It is with him as with the traveller; by an attentive observation of the manners and customs of foreign countries, his eyes are opened to the prevailing errors and prejudices in his own; but he also returns with a lively sense of its advantages, of many of which he can hardly be conscious, who never left behind him the bounds of his native land.

Of the modern nations of Europe, there are five of which the drama has attracted any attention; the English, French, and German: and in a more limited degree, the Italian and Spanish. The English enjoy many important advantages for a national drama over the others: their country has been long an illustrious theatre of glory; and they have been always more deeply pervaded by a common patriotic feeling than any of their neighbours. The French history is not deficient in instances of heroic magnanimity, though far inferior in this respect to our own; but they have never yet been known to avail themselves of their real advantages; and their tragedy remains yet a stranger to every flight of inspiration, to every bold and spirited delineation of character. The Germans have no common country, no common interest, and are united together merely by the tie of language. To them, however, science and the best interests of humanity are strongly indebted; for we owe to them the first successful efforts against religious usurpation, from which necessarily followed the civil and religious liberty and toleration, now so universally enjoyed. But these effects, however much they merit the grateful adoration of the philosopher, are too modest for the drama. The Germans have struggled, however, successfully for Dramatic fame; and if they yield in strength and variety of character to the English, they have left the other nations, in these and other respects, far behind them; while, for overpowering pathos, they stand unrivalled. The Spaniards were once an enterprising people, renowned in arts and arms; and their early theatrical efforts are said, with all their irregularity, to bear strong marks of

genius; but civil and religious tyranny have long exercised their baneful influence over this once gallant nation, and have swept before them fancy and inspiration, and destroyed even the germ of genius; and the Spanish name is now only adduced as a melancholy illustration of the instability of human grandeur.

The Italians were long in possession of a theatre before any of the other nations of Europe. While the rest of Europe was plunged in darkness, they were successfully cultivating most of the departments of literature; but whether from the universal immorality, and the almost total want of patriot feeling for which Italy was long remarkable, from the want of interest and elevation in the disputes of the petty republics and principalities of which it was composed, or from whatever cause, the efforts of the dramatic muse in that country have, however unwearied, been till very lately at least, highly unsuccessful. They had, indeed, in direct opposition to what has happened in other countries where the tragic muse has almost always preceded the comic, very early some good comedies; for the comedies of Macchiavelli, however immoral, abound in wit and humour, and faithfully paint the manners of his age: but even the genius of a Tasso was unable to rescue their tragedy from neglect, which can only date its proper existence with the exertions of a Maffei, an Alfieri, and a Monti. Even yet, however, their tragedy can scarcely be called national; for with the exception of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, the subject is uniformly foreign, and the sentiments slightly, if at all, characteristic of the genius and modes of thinking of the people of Italy.

Alfieri was descended from a noble family of Piedmont, and bred at the court of Turin. With every advantage of birth, fortune, and figure, the usual fashionable amusements and occupations appeared to him, at an early age, empty and unsatisfactory; and with an ardour for liberty rarely to be exampled, he exiled himself from his family, friends, and native country, where wealth and honours awaited him, to enjoy independence in one of the free states of Italy. He was strongly penetrated with an opinion of the degeneracy of his countrymen; he saw in past ages every thing that could ennoble humanity, and no trace of dignity in his own: and he wished to rouse his contemporaries from the lethargy in which he conceived them to be plunged. His efforts in favour of liberty were confined to the pen, but he was passive merely through want of opportunity; and from the very singular dedication of one of his plays to General Washington, may be easily seen with what alacrity he was ready to carry his principles into execution. His admiration of antiquity was excessive, and without discrimination. Without reflecting that ancient liberty was often but another name for outrage and abuse, with him it supplies the place of every virtue, and sanctions every enormity. Liberty forms the sole subject of nearly the half of his plays. Nothing can be conceived more irksome and more devoid of interest, than to hear this subject bandied about in the most commonplace declamations, from the beginning to the close of the piece, without gradual preparation, and without relief from a proper admixture of the avowed principles of our nature. It is hardly possible to fire the mind of the spectator with the sound of abstract terms. He may feel strongly for particular instances of oppression, when strongly depicted and bodied out before him in the semblance of reality; but if general liberty or general oppression are the subjects, he will always be disposed to lend an unwilling ear.

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto —
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus: si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi."

In the unities of time and place Alfieri is completely regular; and he has banished all confidents and inferior personages from the stage. From beginning to end he never for a moment loses sight of the main action. What he has gained in this way in steadiness of effect, he has more than lost in another, by neglecting to

avail himself of numberless circumstances incompatible with the strictness of his rules, not only interesting in themselves, but which would have been productive of the best effect in giving variety and relief to his fable, and dispelling the monotony so strongly felt long before his catastrophe.

In the delineation of character, he has, in my opinion, completely failed. He abounds in tyrants, monsters, and unrelenting politicians, openly and avowedly wicked without a motive; with generous and exalted visionaries; but with the true springs of human conduct he seems to have been almost wholly unacquainted. The extremes of good and evil are rarely to be met with in this world; and he who places before us unmasked villainy, without at the same time exposing the circumstances and situations which imperceptibly and almost unavoidably lead to its perpetration, can never captivate our minds by the illusion of reality. We must see virtue and vice blended together as they really exist in life. We must see our fellow creatures actuated by all the variety of contending inclinations and passions which reign in our own breast. He whose penetration into human nature has enabled him successfully to unravel the mazes of character, has attained the highest dramatic excellence: and without this qualification, every other talent will be unavailing. In the possession of this excellence, Shakspeare and Schiller with all their faults will command the esteem and admiration of every age.

The language of the drama should be exactly suited to the personage and to the occasion. From a continual attempt at dignity, however, and a contempt for the effeminate strains of Metastasio, Alfieri has written in a language often unnatural and turgid in a very high degree. He is said to have contemned the existing language of his country, and to have travelled back to the age of Dante. On this subject it is impossible for a foreigner to speak with any thing like precision. What part of a language is spoken by the inhabitants of any country, and what is confined to their earlier authors, can never be accurately known by any other than a native.

Upon the whole, Alfieri will hardly ever be a favourite poet; and it is astonishing to me how he has acquired the very high reputation he at present maintains. With a few exceptions, he is almost totally destitute of pathos; and though sometimes sublime, the sublimity is buried in a profusion of inflation and turgidity. His characters have few or none of the illusions of reality. He has studied the rules of the theatre, indeed, with much and unwearied attention; but he has neglected to study them in the noblest of all schools, the school of human nature.

I shall enter into an examination of some of his most celebrated pieces. The first play I shall notice is Polinice, the subject of which is the same with the Επτα επι Θηβας of Æschylus and the Φοινισσαι of Euripides. J. B.

Edinburgh, May 29, 1808.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Mr. BREWER'S* REPLY *to* "STRICTURES *on his* VINDICATION *of the* MODERN DRAMA."

Sir,

YOUR correspondent X, in the Magazine for April last, presents us with some remarks on that vindication of the Modern Drama, which I attempted in the Universal Magazine for the mouth of March. He writes with so much liberality, as far as regards my personal feelings, that I should not have troubled you with a rejoinder on the subject, did it not appear to me that the remarks of X do by no means warrant that decisive air with which he appears, in the latter part of his observations, to put the argument down as a matter so entirely settled, that "a fact is not needed" to add weight to his side of the question. The probable good sense of X needs scarcely be reminded, that declamation and argument are widely dissimilar. I stated what, in my humble opinion, were the defects of the old schools of the English

* By an error of the press, Mr. Brewer's signature to his "Vindication" in our number for March, was printed J. A. instead of J. N.

drama. Considering the improvement of manners as the legitimate and original aim of comedy, I noticed (what, it may be said, was sufficiently obvious without such a notation) the immorality of fable generally preferred by Congreve, Wycherley, &c. and applauded by their auditors. I likewise ventured to remark a deficiency in humour as observable in many "good old writers," whose very names are now sufficient to inspire the ideas of wit and dramatic excellence, among whole crowds of those who echo the voice of fashion, and who "follow in the chace, not *like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.*" To observations like these, however trifling they may be deemed, it became X to make a regular answer before, in summing up his corollary, he stated the dispute as entirely ended, and himself the conqueror. I really cannot perceive one argument fairly met, and brought to issue, in the "Strictures" which X has made on my attempt at vindicating the drama of our own period. X says that I endeavour to elevate the flippant inanity of "Reynolds, Dibdin, &c." over the humour, wit, and so forth, of Congreve, Farquhar, and their schools. I would beg permission to remind X that my communication in March asserted (and the assertion must certainly be allowed correct) that it is from a selection of the best writers, that the pretensions of every existing period of the stage must be considered. In the days of each of those celebrated writers enumerated by X, a vast preponderancy of "flippant inanity" sank and was forgotten, while the phœnix-like production of the master-genius, was chronicled as the boast of the age.

X, therefore, should not have described me as elevating (or endeavouring to elevate) "flippant inanity," till he had perused my selection. And I venture to assure X that a selection likely to survive the present era by much more than the poet's hope—his golden century—might readily be made. His own candour will convince him that it might, if he give the subject due consideration.

Mistaking perpetually the nature of my observations, X strives to take all the merit of moral propriety away from modern dramatists, by saying that the age would not tolerate an immodest *expression*, and therefore to the progress of general refinement, not to the taste of the dramatist, must be ascribed the decorousness of the modern stage. Sir, the audience of our times *would* tolerate *expressions* more than equivocal. Some of our poets, with a most illaudable curiosity, have (though rarely) tried the experiment, and the result is to be seen in the printed copies of their productions. It was, however, the improved morality of *fable* for which I commended modern bards; and on that head X does not say a word.

That sophism of X which would describe the palm of delicacy (in regard to purity of expression) as due to the audience, not to the author, is entirely nugatory. Wherever may be the merit, that it does exist, is enough for our purpose. I did not attempt to write an analytical dissertation on the origin of excellence.

X "hopes that I will not venture to assert that our writers equal the ancients in wit, humour, or genius; or that the single merit of being less indecorous is sufficient to counterbalance vulgarity of language, absurdity of plot, and inanity of idea." Considering the stage as a great public shcool of moral correction, I do think that the merit of being decorous is sufficient to counter-balance the brightest ascendancy of wit, when that wit is employed in the ridicule of all that is dear to the domestic interest of society;—especially when my opponent declines an attempt at proving that we are not equal to our predecessors in *humour*, the great essential of dramatic composition. For vulgarity of language the dramatist is not responsible. His business is to hold the mirror up to the times; and if the fashionable language of the day be vulgar (as it indubitably is) he would fail to sustain a just reflector, if his language were that of the polished gentleman of the old school. Inanity of idea seems (in the present case) included in deficiency of wit.

The concluding blow of X is not particularly happy. He affirms that the inability of recent writers is established by the circumstance of their plays passing to oblivion after the

novelty of ten nights; while those of Jonson, &c. delight after the lapse of centuries. Here X makes his usual mistake. A *selection* of modern productions is treasured at both theatres as *stock-plays*; the majority only has been thrown aside as lumber, and forgotten. But even if the assertion of X were corret, it would not crush my arguments, since several of those very pieces by Jonson, Massinger, &c. which please at present, were treated with indifference when first written, and neglected for more than a century afterwards.

Until X, or some other correspondent, more thoroughly analyzes the subject, I must consider my opinions as not quite untenable, and remain, Sir, Yours, &c.

J. N. Brewer.

Annotations *on the* Text *of* Shakspeare.

No. II.

[*Continued from p.* 408.]

Measure for Measure.

Act II.—Sc. IV.

Blood, thou art but blood!
Let's write, *good angel*, on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

The essence of inherent depravity is still the same, however it may be qualified by the external attributes of dignity or reputation.

Act V.—Sc. I.

'This is most likely!
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true!

"*Oh that the probability of what I assert were equal to my certainty of it!*" *For, were this the case, Isabella means to imply, that the cause would be readily determined in her favour.*

Love's Labour's Lost.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Well, *sit* you out.

Stay, or remain, exempted from our oath. Sit *is from the Latin* sisto, *to stand still, or remain. The outlaws so address Valentine in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

Give us what you have about you,
If not, we'll make you *sit*, and rifle you.

Act II.—Sc. I.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil.

"*If the merit of any man's virtues can be diminished by those faults which are distinct from them, and form a separate trait in his character.*" *The distinction is just: human Nature is but too apt to overlook the merits of an intimate from a studious contemplation of his frailties.*

Act IV.—Sc. II.

Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

Expressions somewhat similar are observable in Valentine, *in the first scene of Congreve's* Love for Love:

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder."

This line has been made the subject of a ludicrous epigram.

Act IV.—Sc. III.

I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles.

Thus, in the 14*th Idyllium of Theocritus, v.* 5*:*

Νῦν δέ ποχ', ὡς μῦς, Φαυΐ, Θυώνιχε, γέυμεθα πίσσας.

When love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

On this passage, we have had many comments: "Des mots, encore des mots, et toujours des mots!" *Yet something must be attempted*; Heaven *is elsewhere used for God, and here for the chief deity, Jupiter.* "*The Gods unite in chorus with Love, and render Jupiter drowsy (or* entranced*) with the harmony.*"

Act V.—Sc. II.

Behold the *window of my heart*, mine eye.

Our author glances at the well-known anecdote of Momus.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Demetrius loves your *fair.*

Your beauty: the adjective for the substantive: as in King John:

Whose *private* with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Was much more general than these lines import.

Act IV.—Sc. I.

Fair Helena, *in fancy*, following me.

Owing to the partiality she had conceived for me. The word is still used in familiar colloquy.

Act V.—Sc. I.

From the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

The correspondence between this sentiment and the following citation from Tasso is remarkable:

Spesso, in un dir confuso,
En parole interrotte,
Meglio s'esprime il cuore,
E più par che si muove,
Che non si fa con voce adorne e dotte.
Amynta, Cor. all Mto. 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act III.

Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the *weight.*

"*The reputation of beauty may be acquired in proportion to the* riches *by which flattery is attracted.*" *The* Revisal *thinks that* paint and patches *are meant; with which Mr. Steevens coincides.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act I.—Sc. I.

The old man, their father, making such
pitiful dole over them.

It appears that dole *may signify either our* lot *or* portion; *as,* "*Happy man be his* dole!" *(Winter's Tale), or, as in the present instance,* lamentation.

Sc. III.

Hate him *not* for my sake.
Cel. Why should I *not?* doth he not deserve well?

Celia intends to ask, why she should not like him. The double negative has this effect. So, in Twelfth Night, "*Are you* not *mad indeed?*" *for* "*Are you in your senses?*"

Hereafter in a better *world* than this.

Futurity is not here alluded to; but better times, *as it would be now expressed.*

Act II.—Sc. VII.

I must have liberty
Withall; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

Thus, in the Malcontent, *(by Marston) a character which bears some resemblance to Jaques.*—"*He is as free as air; he blows over every man.*" (Act I. Sc. III.)

Act III.—Sc. I.

Like a medlar, rotten ere ripe.

Thus, in the Midsummer Night's Dream:

The green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard.

"*A careless desolation.*" *A negligent dres.*

Sc. IV.

A cover'd goblet.

Perhaps an inverted goblet, whose contents have been drunk, and which still retains the appearance *of being full or solid.*

Act V.—Sc. I.

I will bandy with thee in faction.

I will contend with you in enmity.

Sc. IV.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope and know they fear.

Spe que timor dubiâ, spes que timore cadit.
Ovid. Heriod. Deiar. Herculi.

Lord Chedworth does not comprehend the difference between the countercheck quarrelsome, *the* lie circumstantial, *and the* lie direct. *The second may mean, sending the lie by a positive message: and the* direct, *a personal affirmation of the adversary's falsehood during an interview.*

Sc. V.

According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases."

Dulcet disease *is one that ends quickly; in reference to the proverb,* "A fool's bolt is soon shot." *See K. Henry V. Act III. Sc. VII.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I.—Sc. II.

So in *approof* lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

His deeds, which are represented on his tomb, were never so great in reality, *as your majesty is pleased to believe them.*

Act II.—Sc. I.

What dar'st thou venture—Tax of impudence,

A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden name
Sear'd otherwise: *no worse of worst extended,*
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

The discriminated words may be thus explained,—Let me suffer the utmost extension, or extremity, of punishment.

Sc. III.

A man that's *married* is a man that's *marr'd.*

This jest is derived from the French language, "*Le pauvre Syanarelle était un* mari *bien* marri."—*Bussy Æabutin, Lettre 5, à Madame de S.*

Good alone
Is good without a name: vileness is so."

Mr. Malone derives from the Revisal *his exposition of this passage.*

Act IV.—Sc. III.

"Is it not meant *damnable* in us, to be the trumpeters of our own unlawful intents?"

Misfortunes arising from any crime are still observed to be a judgment. "*The indiscretion by which our follies are betrayed is a punishment decreed by Providence on the culpability that accompanies them.*"

Act V.—Sc. III.

Our esteem
Was made much poorer by it.

Our reputation, or popularity.

Twelfth Night.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Oh it came on my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Imitated by Milton, P. L. 4, 156:

Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and *whisper whence they stole*
Those balmy spoils.

Erratum in the introductory remarks:—for "benefit *of* the pleasure," read "*or.*"

[*To be continued.*]

Fellthamiana.

Sir,

WITHOUT any preface, I send you for your next Magazine an ingenious and a highly interesting excerpt from honest Owen: he writes with the discrimination and the feeling of a scholar. I remain, &c.

Oxford, June 2. W. P.

"Of Poets and Poetrie.

"Surely he was a little *wanton* with his *leisure*, that first invented *Poetrie.* 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *Words dance*, in the evennesse of a *Cadencie:* yet without doubt, being a *Harmony*, it is neerer to the *minde* than *Prose:* for that it selfe is a *Harmony* in height. But the *Words* being rather the *drossie part*, *Conceit* I take to be the *Principall.* And here, though it digresseth from *Truth*, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving *curious rayment* to her *nakednesse.* The *Name* the *Grecians* gave the men that *wrote* thus, shew'd how much they *honour'd* it: They call'd them *Makers.* And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they have come to *Deity?* And for the *vertues* of men; they rest not on the bare *demeanour*, but slide into *imagination:* so proposing things above us, they kindle the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation.* And certainely, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* never meant to banish. His owne *practice* shewes, hee excluded not *all.* He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and hee himselfe wrote both *Tragœdies* and other *pieces.* Perhaps he found them a little too *busie* with his *gods:* and he being the first that made *Philosophy Divine*, and *Rationall*, was *modest* in his owne *beginnings.* Another *Name* they had of *honour* too, and that was *Vates.* Nor know I how to distinguish betweene the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel.* What is *Ieremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie? Davids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *Snatches*, and *Raptures* of a *flaming spirit.* And this indeed I observe, to the *honour* of *Poets*; I never found them *covetous*, or *scrapingly-base.* The *Iewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Salomon* and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largenesse in their *Soules*, beyond the narrownesse of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbrace more, both of *Heaven* and *God?* I cannot but conjecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them, are *poore:* They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the study of *growing rich:* and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to *vice*

and *unmanly courses.* Besides, they are for the most part mighty lovers of their *Palates*; and this is known an *impoverisher. Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Congor* himselfe. And they *all* are *friends* to the *Grape* and *Liquor:* though I think, *many*, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their love to *pleasant Companie*, than their affection to the *juice* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosophers man*, which gives him *Animal risible.* Their *grossest fault* is, that you may conclude them *sensual:* yet this does not touch them *all. Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what have they to doe with *Poetry?* When *Salust* would tell us, that *Sempronia's wit* was not ill; sayes hee,—*Potuit Versus facere, & jocum movere:* Shee could *make a Verse*, and *breake a Iest.* Something there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in such *measured Language*, as may bee marr'd by *reading.* I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his *Iest*, who passing by, and hearing some *Masons* missensing his *lines*, (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking their *Bricks* amaine: They aske the *cause*, and hee replyes, They spoile *his worke*, and *he theirs.* Certainely, a *worthy Poet* is so farre from being a *foole*, that there is some *wit* required in him that shall be able to *reade* him well: and without the *true accent numbred Poetrie* does lose of the *glosse.* It was a *speech* becoming an *able Poet* of our owne, when a *Lord* read his *Verses crookedly*, and he beseecht his *Lordship*, not to murder him in his *owne lines.* He that speaks *false Latine*, breakes *Priscians head:* but he that repeats a *Verse* ill, puts *Homer* out of *joynt.* One thing commends it beyond *Oratorie:* it ever *complieth* to the sharpest *Iudgements.* He is the best *Orator* that pleaseth *all*, even the *Crowd* and *Clownes.* But *Poetrie* would be *poore*, that they should all approve of. If the *Learned* and *Iudicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. These, when 'tis *best*, will like it the *least.* So, they contemne what they *understand not:* and the *neglected Poet* falls by *want. Calphurnius* makes one complaine the *misfortune:*

Frange puer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:
Et potiùs glandes, rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per Vrbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certè, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his Scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.

Boy, breake thy *Pipes*, leave, leave thy *fruitlesse Muse:*
Rather the *Mast*, and blood-red *Cornill* chuse.
Goe leade thy *Flockes* to milking; sell and cry
Milke through the *City:* What can *Learning* buy,
To keepe backe *hunger?* None my *Verses* minde,
But *Eccho* babbling from the *Rockes* and *Winde.*

Two things are commonly blamed in *Poetrie:* nay, you take away *That*, if *Them:* and these are *Lyes* and *Flattery.* But I have told them in the *worst words:* For, 'tis onely to the *shallow insight* that they appeare thus. *Truth* may dwell more cleerely in an *Allegory*, or a *Moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration.* And for *Flatterie*, no man will take *Poetrie litterall:* since in *commendations*, it rather shewes what men *should be*, than what they *are.* If this were not, it would appeare *uncomely.* But we all know, *Hyperbole's* in *Poetrie*, doe beare a *decency*, nay, a *grace* along with them. The greatest *danger* that I finde in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Blood* and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight.* To prevent these, let the *wise Poet* strive to bee *modest* in his *Lines.* First, that hee *dash* not the *Gods:* next, that hee injure not *Chastity*, nor corrupt the *Eare* with *Lasciviousnesse.* When these are declined, I thinke a *grave Poem* the *deepest kinde of Writing.* It wings the *Soule* up higher than the *slacked pace* of *Prose. Flashes* that doe follow the *Cup*, I feare me, are too *spritely* to be *solid:* they run smartly upon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foule*, they give in, and *tyre.* I confesse, I love the *sober Muse:* and *fasting:*

From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will bee misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends withall: and indeed, it palles upon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* have been all *short*, and changing soone their *Subject*; as *Horace, Martiall, Iuvenall, Seneca*, and the two *Comœdians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto, short*, and *nimbly-loftie*, than a *dull Lesson* of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended?* For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things:* and therefore *foolish Poesie* is of all *writing* the *most ridiculous*. When a *Goose dances*, and a *Foole versifies*, there is *sport* alike. Hee is twice an *Asse*, that is a *riming one*. He is something the *lesse unwise*, that is *unwise* but in *Prose*. If the *Subject* bee *History*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blanks:* for *ordinary discourse* never shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to be spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life:* Nor is this any other than *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *World* thinke it not so, he is happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. Hee shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and hee shall often raise himselfe a *joy* in his *raptures*, which no man can perceive but *he*. Sure, *Ovid* found a *pleasure* in't, even when hee writ his *Tristria*. It gently delivers the *mind* of *distempers*, and workes the thoughts to a *sweetnes*, in their *searching conceit*. I would not love it for a *profession:* and I would not want it for a *recreation*. I can make my selfe *harmelesse*, nay, *amending mirth* with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a *worser Pastime*. And this I beleeve in it further, Vnlesse *conversation* corrupts his *easinesse*, it lifts a man to *Noblenesse*; and is never in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall* and *capacious Soule*."

A critical and illustrative Estimation of H. K. White's *Genius. By Mr.* Mudford.

[*Concluded from p.* 294.]

I HAVE intermitted my strictures on the poetry of Henry, that your readers might not be wearied by their continuity; and I now hasten to conclude them, that they may be comprised within the present volume.

The remaining poems being, some, fragments, and the rest, short and upon common topics, it would be a thriftless labour to myself and my readers, were I to consider them individually. I shall rather endeavour to convey a general sense of their aggregate merit.

It is in reading these smaller pieces of Henry, that the monotony of his genius most forcibly strikes us. His mind seemed to be confined by the sufferings of his body; and it is rarely that he attempts any thing which does not point to his own feelings and situation. A want of variety is hence produced, and a consequent want of interest in the reader. I know not, however, whether I shall be justified in the opinion of some, for censuring this uniformity of subject, when I reflect that these pieces have been given to the world, not by himself but by his editor.

The "Ode to Fuseli" is an unequal performance. It has some lines that would do honour to any pen, and it is disfigured by the unmeaning verbosity of modern poetry. Of the last the following is an example:

> While far below the fitful oar
> *Flings* its faint *pauses* on the steepy shore.

This is absolute nonsense: to *fling pauses* is unintelligible. These two lines

> Who shall now sublimest spirit,
> Who shall now thy wand inherit?

are palpably imitated from Gray:

> Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
> Wakes thee now: though he inherit, &c.
> *Prog. of Poe.*

I shall now copy what I consider as the best lines in the piece:

> Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
> Buried beneath th' unfathomable deep;
> And oh! for ever must its efforts sleep,
> May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain?
> Oh yes! 'tis his!—Thy otherson
> He throws thy dark wrought tunic on,
> Fusselin waves thy wand—again they rise,
> Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes.
> Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep,
> Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung,
> And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,

Wooed the stern infant to the arms of sleep.
Or, on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look
Where far below the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulph bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear
The death sob, and disdaining rest
Thou sawst how danger fir'd his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.

The "Ode addressed to the Earl of Carlisle" seems to me to be in nothing superior to newspaper or magazine poetry. Such lines as these,

"But human vows, how frail they *be!*
Fame brought Carlisle *unto* his view."

"And not to know, one swallow makes no summer."

are puerile and can claim no lenity on the score of youth. Candour, however, seems to demand that no censure which is passed upon this posthumous poetry should be transferred to Henry. Were the loose papers of any literary man, the effusions of momentary inclination to write, afterwards thrown aside, unread perhaps, and uncorrected, to be given to the world by the officious friendship of an editor, we should perceive the vast difference there is between what an author writes and what he publishes. With this security for the fame of Henry, I shall animadvert the more freely upon those productions which Mr. Southey has deemed it prudent to commit to posterity.

Much may be forgiven to a youthful poet when he speaks of his first patron, and therefore I can pardon Henry when he talks of Capel Loffi's "*beautiful* and interesting preface to N. Bloomfield's poems." If any thing *beautiful* have yet fallen from the pen of that gentleman, I am ashamed of my ignorance. I have read all that he has written about the Bloomfields, and have sometimes smiled at his flippancy, but never met with any thing to raise my admiration.

The lines "written in the prospect of Death," are equal to Henry's happiest flights. They are tender, delicate, and melancholy. They have that plaintive morality which the contemplation of their subject rarely fails to produce in sensible minds. The following passage gave me pleasure in the perusal:

Fifty years hence and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none:—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London. Some short bustle's caus'd
A few enquiries, and the crowds close in
And all's forgotten. On my grassy grave
The man of future times will careless tread
And read my name upon the sculptur'd stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears
Recall my vanish'd memory. I did hope
For better things!—I hop'd I should not leave
The earth without a vestige!

These are thoughts that are familiar to every aspiring mind, while yet in the outset of its career; they are the thoughts that stimulate its activity, and propel its energies to erect an empire in the memory of its fellow man.

In the "Ode to Genius," I met with an accumulation of unmeaning epithets which would lead me to refer its production to a very early period. The maturity of intellect which produced *Clifton Grove* and the *Dance of the Consumptives*, could not pen any thing so trivial as the following:

But ah! a few there be whom grief's devour,
And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,
Repining penury, and sorrow *sour*
And self-consuming spleen.
And these are genius' favorites: these
Know the *thought-thron'd* mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where fancy's *golden orbits* roll.
* * *
And *fat* stupidity shakes his *jolly sides*,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With *bee-eyed* wisdom, &c.

I cannot but think our reverence for Henry's genius would have been more entire, had many of these posthumous pieces been committed to the flames.

No charm of science, no luxury of mental enjoyment, has power to abstract us long from the consciousness of corporeal suffering. Henry's frequent recurrence to the fatal disease that finally removed him from among the sons of men, proves that he

thought often and painfully upon its progress: and who can read his pensive, melancholy strains upon the subject, and not breath a sigh for the youthful martyr that bowed to its canker'd fang? At p. 96 of the second volume there is a fragment upon *Consumption*, of which I could wish the last seven lines away, for they deteriorate what is good without them: and at p. 110 there is the following sonnet on the same subject:

Gently, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if 'tis true what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretel the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O! let the aerial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head and breath my last.

This at the same time furnishes a favourable specimen of Henry's sonnet writing; a species of composition under which the genius of Milton himself sunk. The English language is essentially incapable of appearing either graceful or dignified in the shackles of a sonnet; and those who have laboured most to assert its fitness, have only written themselves into obscurity.

The lines on the death of Nelson are not composed with that vigour and that reach of fancy and language which I should have expected from Henry's advancing years. The introduction of the word *ditty* in the second line is ignoble and unsuitable. It would be appropriate in a pastoral elegy which bewails the fate of some Corydon or Delia, but is quite unfit to convey an idea of a funeral dirge to the memory of a departed hero. In this piece also, I find a line so palpably borrowed from Milton, that I wonder Mr. Southey allowed it to pass without being marked as a quotation:

"he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

This is a direct plagiarism from the following beautiful lines in Milton's *Lycidas:*

"He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

I pass over numerous small pieces that cannot offer any room for remark. Many of them have a certain degree of appropriate merit; and others are quite without any thing that renders them worthy of being printed: such is the fragment No. iv. p. 139, which Mr. Wordsworth himself might have written and not be ashamed of, it is so silly and so dull. In the lines to *Solitude*, p. 131, the following stanza marks the constant ambition of his mind to leave a name behind him:

The autumn leaf is sere and dead
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die,
Without recording sorrow's sigh!
The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all, the same unwearied tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

I have now come to "Time," a poem, which, though only a fragment, is yet of considerable length. Mr. Southey says "this poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it, and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions."

In this poem, therefore inequalities of execution may be expected. It exhibits more power of mind than *Clifton Grove*, but less vigour of fancy; its morality is enforced in language closely imitated from Young. It is such a sort of ethical rhapsody as might be discontinued and resumed through any period of time, and in any mood, without detriment to the subject. As there is no narrative, there can be no fear of confusion: paragraphs are distinct from each other, and require not to be harmonized with preceding or subsequent ones. This kind of writing is well adapted for the excursions of a young mind: it leaves the thought free, by not distracting the attention; and if there be much power of re-

flection, it is not easy to say where such a poem would terminate; for who can limit the combinations of intellect?

The proemial lines of this fragment are constrained and inelegant. There is more difficulty than is commonly suspected in detailing with simplicity and elegance what are to be the chief topics of a poem: Milton himself failed in this.

Viewing this production as a posthumous one, I find in it many things which Henry's judgment and taste would have amended, in a revision: such are the following.

"*Chaos's* sluggish sentry."

"Mild as the murmurs of the *moonlight* wave."

"I *feel* the freshening *breeze* of *stillness blow*."

This is as bad as the "horrid *stillness*" of Dryden "*invading* the ear."

"Of *endless glory* and *perennial bays*."

Here is surely a futile iteration; but it is surpassed by the following line:

"Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote."

In the lines beginning,

"Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, &c."—p. 152.

he appears to have had Blair's *Grave* in his recollection, one passage of which seems here to be imitated.

"Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs, &c."

His idea of death, as a state of oblivion till the last day, is a poetical, but not a philosophical one. Young thought differently: and as Henry was much versed in theological writings, it is the more remarkable that he should adopt such an opinion.

Speaking of the Almighty, whom he would supplicate for mercy towards those who have erred, he says,

"Yea, I would *bid* thee pity them."

This is impiety; and such impiety as seems inconsistent with those religious sentiments which Henry so warmly entertained.

There are, in this fragment, many passages which possess unequivocal merit. Without, however, specifying them individually, I shall transcribe one, which is at least equal to any other.

"God of the universe—almighty one—
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole:—thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reinest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man,—I would address
To thee my parting pæan: for of thee,
Great beyond comprehension, who thyself
Art time and space, sublime infinitude,
Of thee has been my song! With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God, my father!—I will sing to thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath, which overshades
The throne of death, I hang my mournful lyre
And give its wild string to the desert gale.
Rise, son of Salem, rise, and join the strain,
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp
And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul
To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
And hallelujah, for the lord is great
And full of mercy! He has thought of man:
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
Of we* poor worms that batten in the dews
Of morn, and perish ere the noonday sun.

It cannot be denied that there is vigour and comprehension in this extract; and, that it is at least such as only a very highly endowed mind could produce, at such an immaturity of age.

The next and last poetical production in this volume is the "Christiad," of which I know not how to speak with tenderness to Henry's memory, and with just regard to truth. Mr. Southey says "there is great power in the execution of this fragment:" but I sought in vain for it. I could view it in no other light than an unsuccessful attempt to put Milton's *Paradise Regain'd* into a Spenserian stanza: and how such a project is

* This should be *us*, the objective or accusative case governed by the preposition *of*.

likely to succeed, the reader need not be informed by me. There is a temerity too in the attempt, which could have been justified only by success: for who can hope to rival Milton? Yet, in this fragment, we have Satan convoking an infernal assembly, haranguing them, and an endeavour to discriminate these evil agents by an appropriation of language and manner: but to me, the whole appeared so unequal, so ludicrous, that I wondered at the indiscretion of Mr. Southey in permitting it to disfigure these posthumous volumes. It is scarcely better in some parts than a travestie of Milton: but that my assertion may not appear unsupported by proof, I will adduce a few of those passages that excited this idea in my mind. Let my readers recollect the opening of the second book of Paradise Lost, "High on a royal seat, &c." and then read the following with what gravity they can.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prankt with rude shapes by the fantastic frost
He stood in solemn silence:—now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest tost,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast
Sweet quiet gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

Satan then informs them that he has failed in his endeavours to tempt our Saviour, and afterwards breaks forth into the following puerile strain of invective.

What then! shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear!
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign
Drop from his unnerv'd arm the hostile spear?
Madness! the very thought would make me fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain
And hurl them at their maker! Fix'd as fate
I am his foe! Yea, though his pride should deign
To sooth mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fix'd unalterable hate.

I forbear to specify what is bad in these extracts, for the whole appears to me a tissue of absurdity. In the xxi stanza Satan is ridiculously made to say, "Jove himself might quake at such a fall!"—But enough: I know of no benefit that protracted censure could produce. I agree with Mr. Southey that the two last stanzas are affecting, because there Henry mournfully relapses into himself again: but for the rest, I wish it had had never been printed.

I observe particularly in these posthumous productions of Henry a licentious use of words unauthorised by any English writer; such as *hectic*, for the patient afflicted: *enchasten'd*, *encheers*, *solium*, *spanglets*, *immantled*, *querimonious*, *jingly*, &c. Of these, the greater part are extracted from the "Christiad:" and had he lived, his increasing good taste and judgment would have deterred him from such wanton infraction upon the stability of our language.

Of his prose compositions with which the second volume concludes, I cannot say much, either in praise or censure. They are creditable for his years, but they betray an immaturity of judgment; and in nothing greater than in the exuberant praises of the two Bloomfields. But here he might plead the infatuation of graver heads, who confounding what is excellent with what is singular, admired in a shoemaker and a tailor, such poetry as they would have read with scorn in the pages of a scholar. But Stephen Duck and Ann Yearsley have had their day: and why should not Robert and Nathaniel Bloomfield have theirs?

In the *Essay on Tragedy* Henry makes a parade of learning without the possession of it. He talks familiarly of De Bos and Fontenelle, although it is evident he knew no more of them than what he obtained from David Hume's essay on the same subject.

His prose is stiff and inelegant; full of such phrases as *whereby*, and *whereas:* he seems not to have attained the art of modulating his periods. He succeeds best in narrative: the tale of *Charles Wanley* is pleasingly told. I should suspect the vision, p. 228, to have a personal allusion to something concerning him-

self in those parts which relate to the "pert cit," and the reply of "Melancholy."

I have thus concluded my remarks upon this extraordinary youth, and if they have given as much pleasure to those who have read them, as they have to me in writing, my time has not been misemployed.

I remain, &c.

June 11th, W. MUDFORD.

On the proposed MONUMENT *to* LOCKE.

SIR,

WITH what grateful emotions does the enlightened mind contemplate its vast obligations to the benefactors of mankind! To those philosophers, scholars, and moralists, whose deep and laborious researches have so largely contributed to our mental culture! What secret stores of knowledge have they not unfolded! How many facilities of acquiring wisdom and science have they not furnished! How have they enlarged the faculties of the human mind! Grateful for the labours of such exalted characters, nations have vied with each other in doing them honor. What then is our surprise and regret, that the immortal John Locke, one of the greatest philosophers and best of men, that this or any other age or country ever produced, is, in the land of his fathers, neglected, unhonoured, and undistinguished, by any monumental pile. But can his name or his worth be forgotten? Or shall we be satisfied that the name of a Locke should only be embalmed in our grateful recollections? That he should have been neglected for more than a century, is at once matter of regret and astonishment. To do justice to his exalted memory, and as a stimulus to others who labour in the mines of knowledge, and who are anxious for human improvement, to redeem the honour of our country, and to prove to an enlightened world our love of virtue, and sense of national obligation, at length we resolve to raise a monument to his fame. The committee for carrying into effect the above dignified object, have, through the channel of the newspapers, published their intentions. Subscriptions of two guineas and upwards, will be received at the Literary Fund Office, the use of which has been generously offered to the committee for the purpose, and where the model of the intended monument may be viewed by the public. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

AN ADMIRER OF LOCKE.

London, June 10th, 1808.

P.S. The committee have also signified that each subscriber is to have an elegant engraving of the monument, and that subscribers of five guineas shall be presented with a medal executed by the celebrated Mr. Bolton, of Soho, with the head of Locke, and on the reverse a representation of the monument; and those of ten guineas, the same in silver.

ACCOMPLISHED *versus* DOMESTIC WIVES.

Sir,

I READ with some pleasure and some astonishment a paper in your last number on the comparative merits of literary and domestic wives. Your correspondent seems a strenuous supporter of homely comforts, and would doubtless choose his wife, if he be not already married, by her skill in making apple-dumplings or pickling young cucumbers. Sir, there is a relative merit in every thing which should never be overlooked; and I was rather surprised at seeing D attempt to establish, as incontrovertible, the superiority of a domestic over a literary wife. While I write this sentence, I feel the sort of sensation which the expression, "literary wife," will excite in the bosoms of many of your readers: they, like D. will imagine to themselves a vain, talkative woman, presuming upon a little superficial knowledge, perpetually gabbling about what she does *not* understand, and neglecting what she *ought* to understand. But there are coxcombs in both sexes: and a literary coxcomb in either is detestable. My business, however, is not with the silly and impertinent pretender to unpossessed acquirements; and I consider your correspondent as having used an unfair mode of argument, when he attempts to designate literary accomplishments in such a sneering manner. His aim, however, being to exalt a plain, goodly,

home-keeping feline sort of wife, over a rational and sensible one, I wonder he did not recur to every foreign aid which his opinion evidently stood in need of. He prefaced his paper with a quotation from Milton: that same author would have furnished him with many more grave homilies in praise of domestic wives: and why? he, poor man, had felt the pains of wandering ones, and thought that the reverse of wrong must be right.

I do not propose to examine minutely your correspondent's paper. My end will be obtained as amply by a shorter process. I will reason on the opposite side of the question, and leave it to your readers to decide whose arguments ought to preponderate.

I have, before, said there is a relative propriety in every thing. I would not advise a shoemaker or a butcher to look out for accomplished women: let them obtain what suits them: and if their wives keep their houses clean, mend their linen, and rear their families with attention, they can have nothing to wish beyond. The happiness of such men is confined within the circle of the senses. But let us go a step farther: let us imagine a man capable of the pleasures of intellection; capable of society; capable of rational communication. He then requires a union of the two characters: and, whatever your correspondent may think, such a union is not only possible, but probable: not only probable but real. It is mere sophistry that would persuade us otherwise.

It is not enough to such a man that his home be decent, and his fire-side comfortable; it is not enough that his dinner be well cooked, and his children cleanly kept; it is not enough, that if he be ill, she attend him with solicitude: these things, though not unessential to happiness, yet certainly cannot constitute it entirely, except it be to a very humble mind. There are moments when a man wishes to enjoy the pleasures of conversation: not merely that conversation which turns upon topics of domestic economy, but something which may interest the feelings and produce pleasure: there are moments when he would wish to consult, to advise with, to be advised: but it is in vain he looks for any of this, in such a woman as your correspondent draws: she is merely a passive instrument: she never aspires to the dignity of thinking: she embarks her temporal welfare in the vessel of matrimony, but commits its guidance through life's boisterous sea to the discretion of her husband: there are men, indeed, whom such humble acquiescency can please, and whose poor ambition is gratified by the superiority which this deferential conduct implies. Such beings would certainly choose a wife of your correspondent's recommendation.

The tendency of knowledge to refine the character and expand the feelings needs no illustration from my pen. An ambiguously honest action performed by a poor man is admired in him, *because* he is uneducated; while, if the same action were done by a scholar and a gentleman, it would be regarded without praise or admiration. Why a cultivated mind in a female should be supposed incompatible with the feminine character, I am at a loss to conceive: why the virtues that are peculiar to the sex would not be illustrated and even enforced by the liberal feelings of education it would be difficult to shew. All pleasure leans upon our fellow creatures: a bauble becomes estimable in our eyes if the world delight in it: and a man will feel a higher gratification in the company and possession of his wife, when his own opinions of her are echoed back by society.

The general infelicity of marriage is proverbial. Were I asked to assign a cause for this, I should, without hesitation, say that it springs from the defective education which our females receive. They are tricked out merely as objects of sense: they are like fashionable toys, that possess all that is alluring to the eye, without any thing to recommend them to the mind. They are taught to consider themselves as beings dependent upon the wantonness of man, and they are early instructed in the arts that are supposed necessary to ensnare our capricious sex. The consequence of this is, that we regard them precisely as they are; feast our

senses at the expense of our hearts and happiness; and when those senses are cloyed with satiety wake to a conviction of our own deception.

"It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit."

When the romantic ardour of love subsides, reason resumes her sway, and with her return would come a rational and durable affection, were there food for it. But, when personal delights are over, what gratification can we find in the tame virtues of a woman, whose knowledge does not extend beyond the economy of a house, and whose conversation cannot soar above the level of common events? The tie that held a man and woman before, and a short while after, marriage, being snapped asunder, no new one succeeds: the body palls upon the sense; the mind is sterile: small errors are magnified into vices in those we cease to esteem: asperity of language ensues, and this begets all those fruitful curses of the conjugal state, which so many have had cause to lament.

I need not here add that I speak of an accomplished woman in a liberal sense of the word: not as your correspondent invidiously describes her, a female pedagogue: but a woman whose mind has been enlarged by reading, and whose conversation, consequently, is capable of proving a source of entertainment to a rational man: a woman, who so far from feeling her domestic duties impeded by this cultivation of intellect, reckons it one of them to render herself the friend and companion of her husband, as well as his nurse, his cook, and his housekeeper; a woman, in fact, who has qualified herself for this double capacity by the strong direction of common sense.

I approve some parts of your correspondent's essay: I approve of the picture he draws of the sphere of a domestic woman, and the bliss she is enabled to shed around her: I detest, as much as he does, such a character as FAUSTINA: but what I censure, is, that he should seem to exclude the mind of woman from a component part of her qualifications: and to center every thing that is needful to man's happiness in the conjugal state, in possessing one of those *good sort of wives*, as they are placidly termed; the variety of whose attractions, and the sphere of whose powers, are seen in the course of one rising and setting sun. This is an error, and a dangerous one.

Glasgow, I remain,
June 7, 1808. VINDICATOR.

Mr. HALL *on the Use of* VINE LEAVES, *as a Substitute for* TEA, *&c. &c.*

SIR,

FROM the experiments I have tried, I find that, on being dried, which should be done in the shade, the leaves of the vine make an excellent and extremely wholesome tea, though somewhat different, both in taste and flavour from that generally used. I have also found that, besides being admirably calculated for making vinegar, the prunings of the vine, on being bruised and put into a vat or mashing-tub, and boiling water poured on them, in the same way as is done on malt, produce a liquor of a fine vinous quality, which, being fermented, forms a fine substitute for beer; and which, on being distilled, produces a very fine spirit of the nature of brandy. As this is the season for pruning the vine, many thousand cart-loads of which are, year after year, thrown away as useless, where there are not goats to eat them; and the idea here suggested is, not only new, but of high importance to the inhabitants of this country, particularly at the present juncture, your inserting it in your useful and interesting miscellany will oblige, Sir,

your constant reader,
and most humble servant,
St. Martin's-lane, JAMES HALL.
June 10, 1808.

MACKEREL *and* MILK?

Sir,

I KNOW not whether the following query may not appear extremely simple to one better instructed than myself; but to him who is ignorant, what is unknown, is of importance. I feel little shame therefore in asking it, for *non enim parum cognôsse, sed in parum cogniti*

stultè, et diu perseverásse, turpe est. This is a solemn introduction; and Cicero was, perhaps, never before brought forward to vindicate any thing so trivial.

I would ask, Sir, whence has arisen that exemption or privilege, by which *mackerel* and *milk* (especially the former) are alone allowed to be cryed through the streets of London on a Sunday. Why, of all other kinds of fish, mackerel possesses this immunity; and why too, of every other kind of necessary, milk is singled out, which, it appears to me, like other commodities, might as easily be procured on a Saturday. I would thank any correspondent who can satisfactorily explain the cause of this; not by telling me it is so, because it is so: but the *why* it is so; and

remain, &c.

Manchester-sq. QUESTIUNCULA.
June 4, 1808.

On the comparative Powers and Expense of SHIPS *of* WAR, GUN-BOATS, *and* FORTIFICATIONS. *By* THOMAS PAINE.

Sir,

I SEND to your excellent Magazine the following little production of Mr. Paine, as being well worthy the notice of your readers, and of Englishmen in general; particularly too at a moment when millions are squandering upon useless land fortifications along the coasts, and on the works in and about Dover, &c.

The observations of a great man are always deserving of notice; and those which follow carry so complete a conviction of their propriety and truth along with them, that the English reader cannot but be led to reflect on the very opposite plans pursued in protecting our own coasts; if, indeed, that may be called protection which we are now adopting.

One thing most recommendatory of the gun-boats has, I think, not been sufficiently enlarged upon in Mr. Paine's essay, but which, while we lament that any system of war should be necessary, surely speaks highly in favour of them, viz. that while they protect a nation from insult and are undoubtedly its best defenders, their size renders it impossible for them to go far, and annoy, and attack, and carry conquest, desolation, and misery to distant shores!

I am, Sir,
your humble servant,
June 7, 1808. CLIO RICKMAN.

THE natural defence by men is common to all nations; but artificial defence, as an auxiliary to human strength, must be adapted to the local condition and circumstances of a country.

What may be suitable to one country, or in one state of circumstances, may not be so in another.

The United States have a long line of coast, of more than two thousand miles, every part of which requires defence, because every part is approachable by water.

The right principle for the United States to go upon, as a defence for the coast, is that of combining the greatest practical power with the least possible bulk, that the whole quantity of power may be better distributed through the several parts of such an extensive coast.

The power of a ship of war is altogether in the number and size of the guns she carries, for the ship of itself has no power.

Ships cannot struggle with each other like animals; and besides this, as half her guns are on one side of the ship, and half on the other; and as she can use only the guns on one side at a time, her real power is only equal to half her number of guns. A seventy-four can use only thirty-seven guns. She must tack about to bring the other half into action, and while she is doing this she is defenceless and exposed.

As this is the case with ships of war, a question naturally arises therefrom, which is, whether 74 guns, or any other number, cannot be more effectually employed, and that with much less expense, than by putting them all into one ship of such an enormous bulk, that it cannot approach a shore either to defend it or attack it; and though the ship can change its place, the whole number of guns can be only at one place at a time, and only half that number can be used at a time.

This is a true statement of the case between ships of war and gun-boats,

for the defence of a coast and of towns situated near a coast.

But the case often is, that men are led away by the *greatness* of an idea, and not by the *justness* of it! This is always the case with those who are advocates for navies and large ships.*

A gun-boat carrying as heavy metal as a ship of 100 guns can carry, is a one gun-ship of the line; and seventy-four of them, which would cost much less than a 74 gun ship would cost, would be able to blow a 74 gun ship out of the water.

They have in the use of their guns double the power of the ship, that is, they have the use of their whole number, of seventy-four to thirty-seven.

Having thus stated the general outlines of the subject, I come to particulars.

That I might have a correct data to go upon with respect to ships and gun-boats, I wrote to the head of one of the departments at Washington for information on the subject.

The following is the answer I received:—

"Calculating the cost of a 74 or 100 gun ship from the actual cost of the ship United States of 44 guns, built at Philadelphia, between the years 1795 and 1798, which amounted to 300,000 dollars, it may be presumed, that a 74 gun ship would cost 500,000 dollars, and a 100 gun ship 700,000 dollars.

"Gun-boats calculated merely for the defence of harbours and rivers will, on an average, cost about 4000 dollars each, when fit to receive the crew and provisions."

On the data here given, I proceed to state comparative calculations respecting ships and gun-boats.

The ship United States cost 300,000 dollars. Gun-boats cost 4000 dollars each, consequently the 300,000 dollars expended on the ship, for the purpose of getting use of 44 guns, and those most heavy metal, would have built *seventy-five* gun-boats, each carrying a cannon of the same weight of metal that a ship of a 100 guns can carry.

The difference therefore is, that the gun-boats give the use of thirty-one guns, heavy metal, more than can be obtained by the ship, and the expenses in both cases equal.

A 74 gun ship costs 500,000 dollars. The same money would build 125 gun-boats. The gain by gun-boats is the use of forty-one more guns, than can be obtained by expending the money on a ship of 74 guns.

The cost of an 100 gun ship is 700,000 dollars. This money would build 175 gun-boats: the gain therefore by the boats is the use of seventy-five guns more than by the ship.

Though I had a general impression ever since I had the knowledge of gun-boats, that any given sum would go farther in building gun-boats than in building ships of war, and that gun-boats were preferable to ships for home defence; I did not suppose the difference was so great as the calculations above given prove them to be, for it is almost double in favour of gun-boats. It is as 175 to 100. The cause of this difference is easily explained. The fact is, that all that part of the expense in building a ship from deck upwards, including masts, yards, sails, and rigging, is saved by building gun-boats, which are moved by oars, or a light sail occasionally.

The difference also, in point of repairs, between ships of war and gun-boats, is not only great, but it is greater in proportion than in their first cost. The repairs of ships of war is annually from 1-14th to 1-10th of their first cost. The annual expense of repairs of a ship that cost 300,000 dollars, will be above 21,000 dollars; the greatest part of this expense is in her sails and rigging, which gun-boats are free from.

The difference also in point of duration is great.

Gun-boats, when not in use, can be put under shelter, and preserved from the weather, but ships cannot; or boats can be sunk in the water or mud. This is the way the nuts of cider mills for grinding apples are preserved. Were they to be exposed to the dry and hot air, after coming wet from the mill, they

* A nation having a navy is a temptation for an enemy to go to war with it. Thus, if America had had a navy, England would have been at war with her long ago, to attack or obtain that navy!—*Clio.*

would crack, and split, and be good-for-nothing. But timber under water will continue sound several hundred years, provided there be no worms.

Another advantage in favour of gun-boats, is the expedition with which a great number of them can be built at once. A hundred may be built as soon as one, if there are hands enough to set about them separately. They do not require preparations for building them that ships require, nor deep water to launch them in. They can be built on the shore of shallow waters; or they might be framed in the woods, or forests, and the parts brought separately down, and put together on the shore. But ships take up a long time in building.

The ship United States took up two whole years, 1796 and 1797, and part of the years 1795 and 1798, and all this for the purpose of getting use of 44 guns, and those not heavy metal.

This foolish affair was not in the days of the present administration.

Ships and gun-boats are for different services. Ships are for distant expeditions; gun-boats for home defence. The one for the ocean, the other for the shore.

Gun-boats being moved by oars cannot be deprived of motion by calms, for the calmer the weather the better for the boat. But a hostile ship becalmed in any of our waters, can be taken by gun-boats moved by oars, let the rate of the ship be what it may. *A 100-gun man of war becalmed is like a giant in a dead palsey. Every little fellow can kick him.*

The United States ought to have 500 gun-boats, stationed in different parts of the coast, each carrying a thirty-two or thirty-six pounder. Hostile ships would not then venture to lie within our waters, were it only for the certainty of being sometimes becalmed. They would then become prizes, and the insulting bullies on the ocean become prisoners in our own waters.

Having thus stated the comparative powers and expense of ships of war and gun-boats, I come to speak of fortifications.

Fortifications may be comprehended under two general heads.

First. Fortified towns; that is, towns enclosed within a fortified polygon, of which there are many on the continent of Europe, but not any in England.

Secondly. Simple forts and batteries. These are not formed on the regular principles of fortification, that is, they are not formed for the purpose of standing a siege as a fortified polygon is. They are for the purpose of obstructing or annoying the progress of an enemy by land or water.

Batteries are formidable in defending narrow passes by land, such as the passage of a bridge, or of a road cut through a rough and craggy mountain, that cannot be passed any where else. But they are not formidable in defending water-passes, because a ship, with a brisk wind and tide running at the rate of ten miles an hour, will be out of the reach of the fire of the battery in fifteen or twenty minutes; and being a swift moving object all the time, it would be a mere chance that any shot struck her.

When the object of a ship is that of passing a battery, for the purpose of attaining or attacking some other object, it is not customary for the ship to fire at the battery, lest it should disturb her course. Three or four men are kept on deck to attend the helm, and the rest, having nothing to do, go below.

Duckworth, in passing the Dardanelles up to Constantinople, did not fire at the batteries.

When batteries, for the defence of water-passes, can be erected without any great expence, and the men not exposed to capture, it may be very proper to have them. They may keep off small piratical vessels, but they are not to be trusted to for defense.

Fortifications give, in general, a *delusive* idea of protection. All our principal losses in the revolutionary war were occasioned by trusting to fortifications.

Fort Washington, with a garrison of 2500 men, was taken in less than four hours, and the men prisoners of war. The same fate had befallen

Fort Lee, on the opposite shore, if General Lee had not moved hastily off, and gained Hackinsack bridge. General Lincoln fortified Charleston, in South Carolina, and himself and his army were made prisoners of war.

General Washington began fortifying New York in 1776. General Howe passed up the east river, landed his army at Frog's Point, about twenty miles above the city, and marched down upon it; and had not General Washington stole silently and suddenly off on the north river side of York island, himself and his army had also been prisoners.

Trust not to fortifications otherwise than as batteries, that can be abandoned at discretion.

The case, however, is, that batteries as a water defence against the passage of ships cannot do much. Were any given number of guns to be put in a battery for that purpose, and an equal number of the same weight of metal put in gun-boats for the same purpose, those in the boats would be more effectual than those in the battery.

The reason of this is obvious. A battery is stationary. Its fire is limited to about two miles, and there its power ceases. But every gun-boat moved by oars is a moveable fortification, that can follow up its fire, and change its place and its position as circumstances may require; and besides this, gun-boats in calms are the *sovereigns of ships*.

As the matter interests the public, and most probably will come before congress at its next meeting; if the printers in any of the states, after publishing it in their newspapers, have a mind to publish it in a pamphlet form, together with my former piece on gun-boats, they have my consent freely.

I neither take *copy-right* nor *profit* from any thing I publish.

THOMAS PAINE.

MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT *of* PHILIPPE, DUKE *of* BURGUNDY.

Sir,

READING lately the Private Life of the French, by M. le Grand d'Aussi, I was struck with an account of a most singular and splendid festival given by Philippe Duke of Burgundy, as well for itself as for the cause that produced it. Being a constant reader of your magazine, I was proceeding to translate it, for the perusal of the public through its medium, when a friend pointed out to me the very same account in a note to Mr. Johnes' translation of *Bertrandon de la Brocquiere's Travels*, which has been edited by M. de la Grand d'Aussi: and as I was willing to save myself superorogatary labour, I have copied that gentleman's version.

I perceive with pleasure that you sometimes admit curious documents of ancient times when they have interest, as well as modern effusions: such a combination, in my opinion, is most likely to form a perfect magazine. Whatever is rare, and at the same time interesting and curious, are fit subjects for a liberal and learned miscellany.

Oxford, I remain, &c.
June 4, 1808. ANTIQUITAS.

"OF all the entertainments that history has afforded us any details, there is none which equals that given by Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, at Lille, in the year 1453. It displays at once so much magnificence and so many puerilities, such a variety of machinery and automata, so many actors and so many living animals, that I believe I shall gratify the curiosity of my readers by describing it. Monstrelet gives an abridged account; but it is detailed at length by Matthieu de Couci and Olivier de la Marche. What, however, renders it interesting, is, that it was occasioned by one great event, and almost the cause of another.

"Mohammed II. one of the most redoubtable and enterprising enemies the Christians had to encounter, menaced, at this moment, Constantinople, which, in fact, he besieged, and took some months afterward. The formidable armament he had prepared for this expedition had made all Europe tremble. It was thought that no other means remained to save Christendom than to form a general league and arm against him; and it was with this intent the Duke of Burgundy gave his grand pantomime-entertainment.

" In an immense hall three tables were laid out, that might, perhaps, more justly be called theatres, considering the number of machines that were placed on each. That for the duke was square, and had four ornaments.

" 1. A church with its bell and organ, with four chaunters to play on it, and sing when their time of acting should require it.

" 2. A statue of a naked child, placed on a rock, who from his ' broquette pissait eau-rose.'

" 3. A vessel, larger than what would serve to navigate on the seas, having on board a numerous crew, who performed all the manœuvres as if they had been really at sea.

" 4. A rivulet that ran through a meadow ornamented with shrubs and flowers: rocks, studded with sapphires and other precious stones, served as a boundary to it; and in the centre was a figure of St. Andrew, from the end of whose cross spouted out a stream of water.

" On the second table were seen nine ornaments.

" 1. A sort of pasty, in which were inclosed twenty-eight musicians, men and children, who were each to play on a different instrument during certain interludes of the feast.

" 2. The castle of Lusignan, with its ditches and towers: from the two smallest, a stream of orangeade ran into the ditches; and, on the highest tower, Melusina was seen disguised as a serpent.

" 3. A windmill placed on a hillock. A magpie was fixed on one of the sails, which served for a mark to all sorts of persons, who amused themselves with shooting with cross-bows.

" 4. A vineyard, in the midst of which were placed two casks, as emblems of those containing good and evil. One held a sweet and the other a bitter liquor. A man richly dressed, seated cross-legged on one of the casks, held in his hand a paper, by which he offered the choice of his liquors to all who might wish to taste them.

" 5. A desert country, where a tyger was represented fighting with a serpent.

" 6. A savage mounted on a camel, seeming on the point of making a long journey.

" 7. A man with a long pole, beating a bush wherein many small birds had taken refuge. Near to it was an orchard inclosed by a trellis of roses, with a knight seated by his mistress's side, who caught and eat the birds the other drove from the bush. A kind of satirical allegory, ingenious enough, and which probably gave rise to the proverbial expression, ' to beat the bush for another.'

" 8. Mountains and rocks covered with hanging icicles, among which a fool was seen mounted on a bear.

" 9. A lake surrounded by various towns and castles. A vessel was on it sailing with all her sails set.

" The third table, smaller than the preceding ones, had but three decorations.

" 1. A travelling merchant, as passing through a village with his pack on his back.

" 2. An Indian forest full of automata of various animals walking about.

" 3. A lion fastened to a tree, near which was a man beating a dog.

" On the right and left of the buffet, which was set off with vases of chrystal, cups ornamented with gold and precious stones, and an immense quantity of gold and silver plate, were two columns: one bore the statue of a naked woman, from whose right breast flowed hippocras during supper-time; the lower parts of her body were covered with a napkin loaded with Greek letters of a violet colour.

" To the other column, a living lion was fastened by an iron chain. He was there placed to guard the naked woman, as the inscription in golden letters on a shield announced —' Do not touch the lady.'

" It is probable the naked woman, with the Greek letters, was intended to represent Constantinople despoiled, —the lion, who forbade any one to touch her, the duke of Burgundy,— and the man who beat the dog in presence of the lion, Sultan Mohammed.

" Beside the number of machines I have described, the hall contained five scaffolds for those spectators who were not of the supper, and particu-

larly for the great crowds of foreigners whom the report of this feast had brought to Lille.

"On the entrance of the duke and his court, he walked about for some time to examine the various decorations; after which he sat down to table, and the maitres d'hôtel served up the supper.

"Every course consisted of 44 dishes, each of which was lowered down from the roof by machinery, on cars painted with blue and gold, and with the devise of the duke.

"The moment he was seated with his guests, the bell of the church tolled, and instantly three little choristers came out of the pasty, and began to sing a very sweet air, by way of grace: they were accompanied by a shepherd on his pipe. Shortly after, a horse entered, escorted by fifteen or sixteen knights in the livery of the duke. He moved backward, and bore on his bare back two masked trumpeters, seated back to back; and in this manner he made the circuit of the hall backward, attended by the knights, the two trumpeters playing all the time symphonies.

"When they had quitted the hall, the organ of the church was heard, and one of the musicians in the pasty played on a german horn. A great automata, representing an enormous wild boar, now entered, having on his back a monster, half a savage and half a griffin; and this monster bore also a man on his shoulders. They had no sooner departed than the chaunters in the church sung an air, and three of the musicians in the pasty executed a trio: one played on the douçaine (dulciana, probably dulcimer), the second on the lute, and the third on another instrument.

"Such were the different amusements that formed the accompaniments to the first course: all, excepting the music, were farces foreign to the feast. Those of the second course had as little connection; but they were preparatory to the last, in which the object of this entertainment was to be pathetically explained.

"The entertainment of the second course consisted of a dramatic pantomime, that represented the conquest of the golden fleece by Jason,—a kind of allegory that recalled to the spectators the order of the golden fleece, which the duke had instituted twenty-three years before.

"For this spectacle, a small theatre had been erected at one end of the hall, and which a large green silken curtain had hid from the eyes of the assembly. On a sudden, a symphony of clarions was heard behind this curtain: it was drawn up, and Jason was seen fighting with, and bringing to the yoke, two bulls that vomited flames of fire, to whom had been committed the defence of the garden of the Hesperides. The hero next combats a monstrous dragon, cuts off his head and tears out his teeth. He then ploughs a field with the bulls he had tamed, sows there the teeth of the dragon, and instantly an army of soldiers spring from the earth, who fight together most bitterly, and alternately kill each other.

"The three acts of this sort of opera did not immediately follow: the spaces between each act were filled up by interludes in the taste of those of the preceding. The first consisted of a youth who entered the hall mounted on a large white stag, when they both sang a duo; then a fiery dragon, who flew round the hall. A hawking scene was next presented, when two falcons were seen to strike down a heron, which was instantly presented to the duke. All these interludes were accompanied either by pieces on the organ, by the chaunters in the church, or by the musicians in the pasty, who every time executed an air on a different instrument.

"These successive spectacles, however, were but, as I have said, a preliminary amusement,—or, to borrow the expressions of the two authors from whom I make this extract, were but 'a worldly pastime,' given to the spectators to entertain them until the time of the grand scene, the scene which was to explain the subject of this feast, and the real cause of it.

"It was opened by a giant dressed with a turban in the morisco fashion, and clothed in a long robe of striped green silk. He held in his left hand a guisarme of the antique mode, and with his right led an elephant. This

animal bore on its back a tower in which was a female to represent the church: she had on her head a white veil, after the manner of nuns: her robe was of white satin, but her mantle was black, to mark her grief. When she was come near to where the duke sat, she sang a triolet to have the giant stopped, and then made a long complaint in verse, in which, having displayed the many ills she was suffering from the infidels, she implored succour from the duke and the knights of the fleece then present.

"Different officers now entered with the king-at-arms, of the order of the golden fleece, followed by two knights of the order, each leading a damsel, one of whom was natural daughter to the duke. The king-at-arms bore a live pheasant, decorated with a collar of gold and precious stones: approaching the duke he made a profound obeisance, and said, that it being the custom at grand festivals to offer to the princes and gentlemen a peacock, or some noble bird, for them to make a vow upon, he was come with two ladies to offer to his valour a pheasant.

"The duke, in reply to this proposition, gave to the king-at-arms a billet written in his own hand, that he had prepared before hand, the substance of which was read aloud, as follows: He there vowed, to God pre-eminent, then to the glorious virgin, his mother, and afterward to the ladies, and to the pheasant, that if the king of France, his lord paramount, or any other princes, would undertake a croisade against the Turks, he would accompany or follow them; and that he himself would combat the sultan body to body, if he would accept his challenge. The lady representing the church having thanked him, she made the circuit of the hall with her elephant, during which time almost all the princes and great lords present made vows on the bird of the most extravagant nature—such as not to drink wine, not to be seated at table, or not to lie down one day of the week, until they should have met the infidel army—or have been the first to attack it—or have overthrown the banner of the sultan—or to return to Europe without bringing with them a Turk prisoner. In short, one made a vow, (which will give an idea of the religion of these new croisaders) that if he could not obtain the last favours of his mistress before his departure, he would marry the first damsel he should meet that had twenty thousand crowns.

"When the vows were ended, a troop of musicians entered, accompanied by a great number of lighted torches. Twelve ladies followed, every one attended by a knight: each personified a virtue. They formed a dance, and thus the festival ended.

"All this noisy vain boasting had no effect. The duke levied large sums from his territories under pretence of this croisade, and even advanced into Germany, when a convenient illness made him return home; and this pretended lion permitted Mohammed to beat the dog without any opposition."

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

An HISTORY *of* JAMAICA. *With Observations on the Climate, Scenery, Trade, Productions, Negroes, Slave Trade, Diseases of Europeans, Customs, Manners, and Dispositions, of the Inhabitants. To which is added, an Illustration of the Advantages which are likely to result from the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By* ROBERT RENNY, *Esq.* 1 vol. 4to. 1807.

THIS is a copious title-page, and if it excites expectations which will not be wholly gratified, yet the reader will not close the volume without confessing that he has been amused, and sometimes instructed. Mr. Renny describes what he has seen and felt, and describes in such a manner as leaves us room to hope his pen may yet produce something better.

The present volume is not one

which would repay the trouble of analysing, for much of it consists of compilation. That part of it which we should be most inclined to censure is a certain inflation of style; a pompousness of language which has no corresponding dignity of subject. When the materials of a book surpass its workmanship, a mind, sincere in its endeavour after knowledge, may, notwithstanding, be pleased: but, when the contrary of this is the case, risibility in beholding paucity of information and meanness of topic bedizened with a sounding phraseology, is so frequently excited, that at last disgust succeeds, and the volume has no longer a fair chance of being impartially appreciated. In this fault Mr. Renny is superabundant, and yet it is this very fault which has led us to say, that we may hope something better from his pen: for he has powers of language, but those powers have been misdirected.

The historical parts of this work present nothing absolutely new. Long, Sir Hans Sloane, Bryan Edwards, and Mr. Dallas, are the sources from which the author has copiously borrowed.

The first Chapter of the second book is perhaps the most interesting portion of the work. It relates to the climate, scenery, soil, &c. of this valuable island. The climate of Jamaica is, generally speaking, extremely hot throughout the whole year. In the evening, and during the night, the air is delightfully cool: in the morning, from sun rise, till seven o'clock in the forenoon, the coolness, freshness, fragrance of the air, are extremely delightful; but from this period, till the sea breeze commence, which generally happens about ten o'clock, the heat, especially in the low lands, is almost insufferable. Yet, owing to the immense height of the mountains of Jamaica and the other large islands of the West Indies, the difference of temperature is great, in places, only a few miles distant from each other. In the highlands of Liguanea, eight miles distant from Kingston, the heat is at the same period ten degrees less than in the town: and at Cold Spring, a gentleman's seat, six miles higher, the general state of the thermometer is from 55° to 65°. It even sometimes falls so low as 44°, in which case, a fire, even at noon-day, is not only comfortable, but necessary; and, at this place, is actually used during a great part of the year.

The soil of Jamaica, is, in many places, deep and fertile: yet, owing to the extreme inequality of surface, the quantity of rich, productive land is but small, in proportion to the whole. The island contains nearly four millions of acres, scarcely one-half of which is yet located or taken up by grants from the crown.

The several kinds of kitchen-garden produce are reared in abundance in the mountainous districts: and the markets of Kingston and Spanish Town are plentifully supplied with cabbages, lettuces, carrots, turnips, parsnips, artichokes, kidney-beans, green peas, asparagus, and many other European herbs. Some of these have even been considered as of a superior flavour to those of the same kinds which are reared in England.

Mr. Renny draws a luxuriant picture of Jamaican scenery: such a one as the mind of a poet could dwell upon with rapture. We will extract this part as a favourable specimen of his style:

"The scenery of Jamaica is beautiful beyond description. No man, however blunted his feelings, can behold it without emotion To a Briton who first approaches the island, every thing is new. Lofty mountains covered to the top with immense forests, and hiding their heads in the clouds; the size, structure, and verdure of the trees; the delightful variety of their darker and lighter shades; the beauteous appearance of the shrubs; the purity of the air; the richness and variety of the landscape; the structure of the houses; the colour, dress, appearance and manners of the inhabitants, all excite astonishment, wonder, and delight.

"The land at a small distance from the shore rises into hills rather beauteous than bold; being all of gentle ascent, and generally separated from each other by spacious vales and romantic inequalities; but they are seldom craggy, nor is the transition from the hill to the vallies often

abrupt. Nature has in almost every instance rounded the hills towards the top with singular felicity. It is impossible for an Englishman at first view of these objects, not to be strongly impressed with a recollection of Milton's delicious description of Paradise; and indeed it is by no means extravagant to suppose, that the high-spirited author of that most sublime of all poems, Paradise Lost, drew his descriptions of the garden of Eden from the accounts of those travellers who first visited this delightful region.

He to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious paradise
Now nearer crowns with her inclosure green,
As with *a rural mound*, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hoary sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head up-grow
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

"One who has beheld the mountains of Jamaica covered with groves of the most beautiful trees, adorned with the fairest fruits, and scented with the most fragrant odours, is apt to suppose, that no other spot in the world was equally capable of furnishing Milton with his divine descriptions.

Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise upsprung;
Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire, neighb'ring round,
And higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit;
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
On which the sun more glad, impress'd his beams,
Than in fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth: *so lovely seem'd*
That landscape! and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy; able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Their balmy spoils.

"The gentle eminences rounded towards the top are generally covered with groves of pimento, which is a tree equally remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and which endures no rival near it. The dark verdure of these trees is finely contrasted with the bright hue of the grass underneath, beheld through a thousand openings. The eye is also often relieved by fruit-trees of various hues, such as the orange, pine-apple, or tamarind, some of which bear at the same time, ripe fruit, unripe, and blossoms; while the delightful scene is often enlivened by murmuring rivulets, and transparent cascades. On a contemplation of these grand and beauteous objects, one can scarcely help exclaiming with the poet already quoted,

Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste;
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue:
Another side umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth his purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crown'd,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite these streams.

"The eye almost satiated with viewing the fertile vales, and gently swelling hills, is now lifted up to those immense masses of rock piled upon each other by frequent earthquakes, till they reach the heavens, and the awful view fills the mind with mingled sensations of horror and delight. The abrupt precipices and inaccessible cliffs, covered with impenetrable forests; the awful size of the Blue Mountains, their tops dimly seen through the fleecy cloud, fill the imagination with grand conceptions, and thrill the heart with emotions, more nearly allied to terror than joy. But

the view is soon turned with delight to the rich and level savannahs, and the plains waving with cane-fields displaying in all the pride of culture and luxuriance of vegetation, the verdure of spring, blended with the mellow exuberance of autumn. The clear expanse of the boundless ocean, whose glassy surface is here and there checquered with lofty ships, ploughing the still and unresisting liquid path, and carrying the commodities of one region, to supply the wants and luxuries of another, adds to the beauty of the prospect.—All these objects taken together, present a view, which, for grandeur, variety, and beauty, can scarcely be equalled, certainly cannot be surpassed, by any other in the world.

"The leading features of the landscapes of Jamaica are splendour and magnificence, which are strongly marked, not only in the rocks and mountains, but in the wood-lands and the plains. The palm, the cocoa-nut, the mountain-cabbage, and the plantain, when associated, which is sometimes the case, with the tamarind, the orange, and other trees of beautiful growth, and vivid dyes, the bushy richness of the oleander and African rose, the glowing red of the scarlet cordium, the verdant bowers of the jessamine and Grenadilla vine, the tufted plumes of the lilac, the silver white and silky leaves of the portlandia, together with a prodigious variety of minor fruits and lowly shrubs, form a a wonderful and delightful embroidery of colours. The young logwood sets make beautiful fences; the bastard cedar-trees that are dotted over the pastures afford a pleasing shade; the lime-bushes have a cheerful appearance; the intervals between the cane-pieces break, in some measure, the formality of their growth; the plantation-buildings have a marked and a pleasing effect; the houses upon the penns (or farms), and those stuck here and there upon the smaller settlements, contribute their assistance to the rural scenery; while the dark and lowly huts of the negroes huddled together in the form of a town, with their picturesque appearance, render the scene still more delightful by the various clumps of trees which irregularly surround them; along with the numerous flocks of cattle, sheep, or goats, that browze upon the plains, or frolic upon the hills,—all together form a scene, which, in other climates, would excite the genius of the artist, the curiosity of the naturalist, and the astonishment and delight of every beholder."

We shall not follow Mr. Renny minutely through the different parts of this volume. Much of it which proved interesting in a continuous perusal, would be quite the reverse, extracted. It contains a great deal that is worth knowing relative to this most important colonial possession; a detail of its chief places, of its legislature, of its different courts of judicature, its trade, revenues, &c. In these, as far as he follows established facts, he may be read with advantage: but when he launches into original disquisition, we think we perceive the inconclusive arguments and hasty assertions of a young mind. In Chapter V. he devotes a considerable space to the treatment of the slaves, and he afterwards offers some conjectures as to the probable result of the ambiguously beneficial act which has abolished the slave trade. He draws a picture of contented industry, which, if true, would seem to militate against the necessity of that act: but here, we suspect, at least, partiality. A slave in the island of Jamaica, according to his representation, is an object infinitely less pitiable, and less capable of melioration, than a Manchester manufacturer. But this is improbable. He draws, however, a revolting picture of the degradation which men of colour are subject to from the whites. The following anecdote will forcibly illustrate this:

"In the year 1799, the vessel in which he was a passenger, bound to Jamaica, touched at Barbadoes. The cabin-passengers went a-shore to enjoy themselves, and to gratify their curiosity with the first view of the new world. Among others, there was a young gentleman of fortune, a Mulatto, who had been sent to Europe for his education, and who had conducted himself during the voyage, with such singular prudence and propriety, as to gain the good will, and even the respect of all his fellow-pas-

sengers. He even displayed in conversation, a highly-cultivated mind, and very respectable talents. Going a-shore with those who had been his friends and companions during the voyage, he went with them into a tavern in Bridge-town, the capital of the island. Having ordered some *sangaree*, (wine mixed with water) they had not time to be seated, when a waiter came rudely up to the young Mulatto, and, taking him by the arm, said, "Sir, you cannot come in here: *You* must not sit down with *gentlemen*." The young Mulatto literally started with indignation, followed the waiter to an empty room, and burst into tears."

Mr. Renny exhibits the inhabitants of Jamaica in a favourable light, and his chapter on the diseases peculiar to this island and to the West Indian ones in general, would doubtless prove of much local advantage, Mr. R. having, it seems, regularly studied physic.

The COMIC WORKS *in* PROSE *and* POETRY *of* G. M. WOODWARD, *Author of &c. &c.* 1 vol. 8vo.

THE *Comic Works!* Reader be not deceived: there is nothing comical in the whole volume except the title-page and the author's portrait. Any thing more lamentably dull and insipid cannot be conceived. Mr. Woodward has published by subscription; and if he has filled his pockets, he may think that the most *comical* part of all his works. We wish him farewell!

LECTURES *on the* TRULY EMINENT ENGLISH POETS. *By* PERCIVAL STOCKDALE. 2 vols. 8vo. 1807.

THERE is more literary coxcombry in these volumes than in any work we ever read. It is as disgusting to wade through Mr. Stockdale's pages, as to sit in the company of a prating fop; yet we have done both, and borne both with christian fortitude. We know not how to convey to those who have *not* read these volumes (*ô ter, quaterque beati!*) a sense of their singular and uncommon flippancy. They are "top full of direst *affectation:*" a fantastical and turgid language, a boyish use of superlatives, a petulance of censure, and a most shallow stream of observation, are their distinguishing peculiarities. They are critical friskings over the remains of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c. which remind us of a dancing-master wandering, unexpectedly, among the ruins of Rome and Athens. Mr. Stockdale prates and simpers, and chuckles over an error of Johnson, as a cur growls over a marrow-bone. Of Johnson! of him, who, by *his* account, regarded him, in his life time, as a friend: and *now* he can find no better employment of his time, than malignantly to asperse the powers of that man's mind, compared to whom, Mr. Stockdale is a wasp on the tail of a lion. *Oh hominem impurum!* There is something unseemly in this: but lest *our* readers, who have not also happened to be *Mr. Stockdale's* readers, should distrust this broad and general censure, we will exhibit to them a little of his manner.

The first thing that struck us on opening his book was an extremely silly mode of punctuation, which, however, in no manner, prejudiced us as to its contents, for we well know that a very wise man may sometimes be very absurd. But this idle fantasy often renders him obscure, as in the following sentence, which he who can understand must have an uncommon power of comprehension.

"Taste;—the beautiful offspring of judgement, and imagination, will draw his elegant, and flowing veil before the lucubrations of the orator; a plainer, but not a slovenly veil; not deformed with uncouth words, nor with industrious violations of grammar, will sufficiently sink the fiction of the pastoral drama; and will sufficiently give it the appearance of nature and reality."

If there be any thing in the above beyond an unintelligible mass of words, we confess our ignorance of what it is.

How fit this man is to be a critic, and to sit in judgment upon the mind of Johnson, let the following extracts decide:

"Our heroick measure, even when it is only wrought into stanzas of four

lines, which rhyme alternately, such as are adopted by the *pretty* Shenstone, and the *great* Gray, must evidently clog the poet, &c. &c."

The following line of Spenser

"To take the air and hear the thrush's song,"

announces, says Mr. Stockdale, "*the salubrious region of innocence and peace*:" and this, added to a little similar twaddle, he considers as "illustrating and enforcing the simple beauty of beauty of the line!"

We shall now present another instance of puerile accumulation of epithet:

"A *sacrilegious* contempt hath been expressed for that *elegant* critick's (Addison) *beautiful* papers, in the Spectator on the Paradise Lost: in which papers he criticises on our *unrivalled* Milton, in the way which *liberal* scholars love, &c."

If Mr. Stockdale mistakes this school-boy use of *beautiful, charming, divine,* for criticism, and for criticism that is to undermine the towering fabric of Johnson, we pity him: he may talk with the young ladies of any boarding school in London, aye, and out of London, and they too will be able to prattle about the *divine* Milton, the *majestic* Dryden, the *lovely* Pope, the *pretty* Shenstone, the *great* Gray, and the *charming* Thomson: but, heaven forefend that they should also write two such volumes as those now before us, and we be compelled to read them.

As another sample we select the following account of Lord Kaime's *Elements of Criticism*, a book, in which, though too much has been attempted upon the abstract principles of taste, yet it surely deserved better from one who could understand it, than what Mr. Stockdale has said:

"The style proves its author disqualified to judge of poets:* in his application of his metaphysical criteria, he is often palpably wrong; and his ideas of the cadence of verse, as it should fall, on certain occasions, betray the most *gothick ignorance* of harmony and taste. How could one get through such a book: *such a dreary Caledonian heath:* were it not for the verdant and flowery spots with which it is frequently interspersed: were it not for its profusion of fine quotations?"

Alas! we have been denied even this gratification in Mr. Stockdale's volumes: but how a *gothick ignorance of taste* could even select fine quotations, appears to us rather obscure.

With Mr. Stockdale's usual fondness for superlative epithets, J. J. Rousseau is called "the *glorious* citizen of Geneva." This, now, would do very well for a boy having just finished his *Nouvelle Heloise:* and at p. 72, mention is made of Otway's "*glorious* tragedy of Venice Preserved."

He commences his third lecture in the following flippant manner:

"I shall now endeavour to persue the dauntless wing of the muse of Milton; the greatest, because the sublimest of poets: 'nor second he,' (nay, but *first*, if you please, Mr. Gray, as I hope that I shall demonstrate)."

We do not deem it necessary to follow Mr. Stockdale through all his eccentricities of manner: nor shall we therefore stop to enquire upon what principle of absurdity he seems uniformly to spell *pursue* as above.

It is in this and the following lecture that our author begins to manifest his puerile endeavours against the fame of Johnson. We do not say, that Johnson is absolutely invulnerable: but it is not by the pigmy spear of Mr. Stockdale that he can be wounded. We cannot, will not, follow him through the endless train of ungentlemanly language, which he applies to his *friend*, to his *deceased friend*, according to his own account: but we *will* expose an instance of wilful perversion, which disgraces Mr Stockdale as a man.

Johnson, speaking of the sixth book of Paradise Lost, in which is

* What then must Mr. Stockdale be? notwithstanding the egotism of the epigraph to his volumes: *Ed Io anche sono pittore.* Mr. Stockdale has indeed quoted his own verses, and that was the first time we knew any thing about them.

told the conflict between Satan and his angels, and the powers of heaven, says, "the confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven, fills it with incongruity; and the book in which it is related, is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased."

That the opinion here expressed may not be true is probable; for the beauties of the narration in that book are certainly great and sublime: but yet the objection stated by Johnson is just, though the inference he draws is not so. However, we beg our readers to remark that this opinion is expressed of the *sixth book of Paradise Lost*, and the *sixth alone*. Now observe how Mr. Stockdale proceeds; if, indeed, his vicious punctuation will suffer us to understand him.

"Addison," says he, p. 142, "employed his polite and masterly learning; he exerted his fine imagination, and his accomplished judgment; to illustrate; to praise; and to recommend to the world, *a work*, which our modern Zoilus, of a greater poet than Homer, sinks to a mere object of amusement for boys and girls. And before Addison published his observations on this work, Dryden, the greatest of criticks, and one of the greatest of poets had ranked it—above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

Mr. Stockdale, in the above passage, wilfully (for common judgment could not err so grossly) applies to the *whole* of Paradise Lost, what Johnson said only of the *sixth book in particular*; and again, at p. 177, he repeats this falsehood:

"But," says he, "we should less expect the following most absurd of all positions, viz. that Milton's Paradise Lost is 'a book, which is the favourite of children; and gradually neglected, as knowledge is increased.'"

And upon this absurdity, of his own creating, he proceeds to utter a whole bead-roll of contumelious epithets upon Dr. Johnson, his former friend! We were absolutely shocked when we read this, and even now turn from it with abhorrence.

Before, however, we take a final leave of Mr. Stockdale, we have a few more remarks to offer.

His power of writing nonsense is extensive, as the following excerpts may shew:

"This (i. e. the public esteem of Dr. Blair's sermons) is one of the many instances of the depraved and wretched taste of the present times."—p. 5.

"Indeed his *chasms* in grammatical connexion, &c." p. 12.

"Who that is endow'd with susceptibility: who that is endowed with the power of *reciprocating fancy*, &c." p 138.

Speaking of the hero of Paradise Lost, Mr. Stockdale thinks with Dryden, that the devil is he: and why? you shall read: "for though he is wicked and rebellious, he is intrepid, and eloquent, throughout; he is the most active and enterprising being in the poem; and he achieves a memorable and *devilishly famous* deed: the fall of man!!"

The following is really valuable, because we conceive it to contain the very essence of absurdity:

"But ideas must find ideas: and genially coalesce with them: otherwise there can be no *reciprocation of intellect* or *sentiment*: there can be no *fine fermentation of mind*."

And this man presumes to criticise our "truly eminent poets;" strives to hurl Johnson from the proud eminence on which he stands; and "hopes to deserve literary immortality." *(See Pref.)* But who can answer for the infatuation of the human mind?

These *Lectures* were intended to be delivered before audiences. There *is* indeed a kind of audience before whom they might have been delivered, and probably with pecuniary advantage to the author: but that a man of education, sense, and judgment, could sit to hear them read, supposes a greater portion of quiescency than we can conceive to belong to those qualities.

If Mr. Stockdale thinks we have judged him too harshly, we are ready to produce every line in his book as our authority: besides, how can he complain of want of lenity, whose own writings are one continued tissue of abuse upon all that is great and good in literature? We should

be sorry to descend so low as Mr. Stockdale has done in this respect, especially in his remarks on Chatterton, which are nothing better than the very ravings of a vulgar old man. Let the reader judge for himself; Mr. Bryant's observations on Chatterton he characterises thus:

"All this is the superciliousness and pride, or, in other words, the *abuse*; the ungenerous and arrogant misapplication of language; of the *low, conceited, pedant*, and antiquarian, &c. &c."

Would any gentleman, would any scholar use such language in a mere controversy upon a matter of opinion? But, were the dirty task suited to our feelings, we could cull from every corner of these *Lectures* such impurities. But Mr. Stockdale may yet live to feel shame for them, and we wish not to increase its poignancy.

In the following quotation we know not what to make of him; whether to laugh at his affectation, or to despise his malignity. Mr. Bryant quietly observed of Chatterton, that "his bad success in his last stage of life shews that he did not answer the expectations of those who employed him."—Now, mark how Mr. Stockdale bursts out:

"What sentence is equal to *this* impious and inhuman indignity?—With what severity of censure shall we stigmatise it as it deserves? What expansion of charity can make it an object of its alleviation? To reason against it would be to profane reason. If it proceeded from ignorance of life, it was the ignorance of an idiot: and, though in his book he often approaches to that ignorance, the passage which I have now quoted is the wretched effort of a little scholastick pride, which tumbles down, &c. &c."

This is surely the very acmè of all that is ridiculous and all that is contemptible. But perhaps our readers begin to think that we have bestowed more labour upon these volumes than either they or their author deserve, and that it is an interminable conflict to wage war with folly, for, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*. We should have thought so too had it been mere folly: but there was something worse joined with it, and we deemed it a part of our duty not to pass it over in silence.

Of Mr. Stockdale we never even heard till we read the present work, though he has taken frequent opportunities in it to quote from some unknown publications of his own. We opened the book with the hope of amusement, and not unwilling even to be instructed. We were quickly disgusted, and every page heightened this disgust to such a degree, that now, having done with the volumes, we would unwillingly recal them to our mind. Some folly amuses us, and some makes us melancholy: but that folly which is combined with inefficient rancour raises feelings of indignation. Under those feelings, in their strongest tone, we take our leave of Mr. Stockdale.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

TO this sad tomb, by sighing virgins borne,
The pallid relics of my Love are given!
Whilst I, alas! by hard compulsion driven,
Awhile am doom'd in secrecy to mourn!

Within this slimy vault, where terrors reign,
And sickly damps contaminate the air,
Can Blackshaw hear her favourite complain,
Or can she soothe the anguish of despair?

Or can Love's soft and prepossessing pow'r
Retain its virtues in this gloomy sphere?
Yes! here 'twill lead me at the midnight hour,
Where all is still, and motionless, and drear!

Here will I weep 'till morning 'gins to shine,
And press her senseless melancholy shrine!

Grafton-street, 1st June, 1808. J. G.

TO AN EGOTIST.

The thought from Montesquieu.

THY sweet discourse, complacent HAL,
Is like a glass I ween;
For in it, whensoe'er thou talkst,
Thyself alone art seen!

QUIZ.

IMPROMPTU.

On beholding a young lady, dressed in the fashionable style, painting herself.

AH! strive not with such vain delight,
The lines of beauty there to trace:
For, while thy *bosom* courts the sight,
We wish not to behold thy *face*.

QUIZ.

VERSES *in Memory of a Young Lady.*

FAIR rose the morn, bright shone the day,
The little warblers from each spray,
Pour'd high to heav'n th' enraptur'd lay
Among the groves of Nithisdale.

But soon the morning's joys were past,
And soon the sky was overcast,
And loud and long the furious blast
Roar'd thro' the groves of Nithisdale.

Thus shone fair Margaret, gay and young,
Celestial strains flow'd from her tongue,
And oft the heavenly harp she strung
To charm the maids of Nithisdale.

And oh! the radiance of her eye
Beam'd soft and mild humanity,
Glistening with tears at sorrow's cry,
Heard in the groves of Nithisdale.

Simple and modest was her air,
And fair her face, O! heavenly fair,
But faded soon by chilling care,
And pale disease in Nithisdale.

Such late I saw her—and again
Return'd to list her thrilling strain;
But, ah! 'twas sorrow's weeping train
Heard thro' the groves of Nithisdale.

Edinburgh, May 21, 1808.

VON SCHLEMMER *and* "POT LUCK."

AN Englishman invited once
A German friend to dine,
On plain "pot luck," for such his phrase,
And drink some good port wine.

"Mein Herr" repair'd at proper time,
With stomach for the treat;
The viands on the table plac'd,
VON SCHLEMMER took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,
"Mein Herr" declined each one:
Fowls, turtle, sauce, they follow'd next,
VON SCHLEMMER tasted none!

His host, at length, by kindness urged,
Press'd him to taste some duck;
"Ach! nein! with groans VON SCHLEMMER said,
"I vait for de POT LUCK!"

QUIZ.

LYING DICK; *or,* DEATH *and the* DOCTOR.

AN English ship, in desp'rate fight,
With Gallic foes engag'd,
For twice two hours, an awful time,
The unequal conflict wag'd.

But victory crown'd the British flag,
Tho' purchased by the blood
Of many a brave and noble tar
Who for his country stood.

The fight once o'er, the surgeons next
O'er wounded bodies creep;
And those whom death had fairly caught,
They sentence to the deep.

One manly fellow on the deck
Had felt the Gallic fire:
Disguis'd with blood, they scarcely knew
Poor DICK, nicknam'd the *Liar*;

For truth from DICK's unsteady tongue
Too rarely found the way:
Whate'er he said, he freely gave
Imagination play.

Him motionless, and stain'd with gore,
The surgeon left for dead;
And bade his comrades, standing round,
Heave to his watery bed.

They stoop, they raise the bleeding load,
But life was not all gone.
DICK roar'd aloud, "I'm only stunn'd,
You lubbers set me down!"

Amaz'd they stand, but knowing well
DICK lov'd a *lying* jest:
At once exclaim, "Why, d—n your eyes,
The doctor must know best!"

QUIZ.

SONNET *to a Friend going to the East Indies.*

ERE yet from England thou depart'st, O hear!
The mild instruction of a gen'rous friend:
For one short interval incline thine ear,
And to his precepts kindly condescend!

The road of life is crooked, oft, and drear,
And troubles flow unknowing where to end;
Man's ways are volatile and insincere,
And, tho' oft pleasing, to destruction tend!

In every clime, some secret impulse sways
The mind of man, however learn'd or wild;
But due discretion every trick betrays,
And soon by searching are his arts beguil'd!

Be studious then! and ere thou yield'st beware!
That flow'ry pathways tend not to ensnare!

Grafton street, 1st June. J. G.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

DRURY-LANE.

THE last month has been occupied almost wholly with benefits, and we shall therefore just offer a few general observations.

On the 26th of May, Miss Pope took her leave of the public, after having been a source of delight to them for a length of years. She was cotemporary with Garrick, and is *said* to have received instructions from Mrs. Clive. She took her farewel in a very flippant address, in the character of *Audrey*.

On the 30th of May, Signora Storace also bade farewel to the stage in a *musical* address, written by Mr. Colman. She appeared, however, sensibly affected at her situation; and as she approached towards the conclusion, her voice faultered, the tears came, and, but for Mr. Gibbon's timely assistance, she would have fallen on the stage. The audience participated in her feelings, and the applauses continued for some moments after she had retired.

On Tuesday, May 31, Mr. Mathews had for his benefit a sort of compilation, which he called the *School of Shakspeare*, consisting of some of his best scenes, selected from various plays. The first act was taken from Macbeth, and *Macbeth* was enacted by Mr. Ellison; but we do think him utterly incapable of performing that, or indeed any tragic part whatsoever. He cannot, strive all he may, arrive at the delicate delineation of character; at those sudden and evanescent displays of inward feeling and conception, which form the very soul of the tragic muse. Mr. Elliston will, perhaps, oppose to our censure of his tragedy, the applause which he occasionally receives: but he may reconcile the two in perfect harmony: he certainly receives a greater quantum of manual applause than Mr. Kemble, and perhaps more than Garrick did: so have we seen Mr. Pope, and so have we seen Mr. Barrymore actually obtain great applause in *Octavian*, &c.: but clapping is the applause of the vulgar, and is always paid to powerful lungs, much stamping, sudden depressions of the voice, and a violent run off the stage. Now, in these requisites, Mr. Pope and Mr. Barrymore are both pre-eminent, and we have therefore often heard them applauded for them; and, as they have no claims to applause for any thing else, it is charitable to allow it to them for that. Mr. Elliston, we are sure, would feel hurt were we to compare him to either of those actors; and yet, really, we cannot but think he is the Mr. Pope of Drury-lane in tragedy. What has been said of Dr. Johnson's mode of talking, applies with remarkable precision to Mr. Elliston: it is a *bow-wow-way*.

We animadvert so freely upon this gentleman's tragedy, because we have a sincere admiration of his talents in comedy: and in the fifth act of this evening's motley performance, we were gratified by a scintillation of his *Benedick*. We were also gratified in observing, that Mr. Elliston possesses that liberality of judgment which permits him to be amenable to admonition: we allude to his correction, in adjuring by his *own* hand instead of that of *Beatrice*, and which, we suppose, was adopted in consequence of our strictures: *see Univ. Mag. for Jan. p.* 45. And here we would suggest to him, whether the word *chalice*, in Macbeth, ought not to be pronounced with the sound of *k* in the first syllable, both on account of its immediate derivation from the French *calice*, and its remote one from the Latin *calix*?

Wednesday, June 1, was acted, for the benefit of Messrs. Russell and Gibbon, a new "traditionary play," called the *Mysterious Bride*. The plot is interesting, and the situations well managed: but the language is constrained and dull. It is written like the first theme of a school boy; without pliancy and without energy. Many parts of the dialogue are so extremely *natural*, that they might have been uttered by two grandmothers over a cup of strong bohea, without any suspicion of plagiarism: they are so dull and so insipid. Report attributes it to Mr. Skelfington. We have no doubt it may become popular by a little attention on the part of the author, to the absurdities of the first act.

This theatre closed on Friday the 17th, with the *Belle's Stratagem*.

COVENT GARDEN terminated a very brilliant and prosperous season on Monday, June 27, with the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and the new piece of the *Portrait of Cervantes.*

Here, in the quality of theatrical critics, we take leave of our readers for three months. The prevailing farcical amusements of the Haymarket Theatre, and the summer exits and entrances of a few provincial performers, did not seem to us likely to afford matter worthy of a distinct department of our Magazine. Till the opening therefore of the winter theatres, we shall devote the space usually allotted to our "Theatrical Recorder" to our miscellaneous department; by which temporary mutation, we are persuaded our readers will not deem themselves injured.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. SAMUEL SALTER'S, *for an Apparatus for the purpose of Drying Malt, Hops, or any kind of Grain.*

THE entrance of the kiln-hole, or fire-place, is enclosed with a cast or wrought iron frame, or in any other way, or with any other suitable article that the heat of the enclosed fire will not destroy. In the frame two doors are fixed, one at or near the top, the other at or near the bottom, of sufficient dimensions to admit the supply of fuel for the fire, and, also for taking out the cinders and ashes beneath the fire. In the upper door is an aperture, of proper size to admit the necessary quantity of air to carry off the steam that may arise from the malt, hops, or any kind of grain, intended to be dried: the size of the aperture must depend on the nature and construction of the kiln; and, as in the different stages of drying any of the articles above specified, it is requisite to vary the quantity of air admitted, a slide, or regulator, is affixed to the door for that purpose. In the lower door is also an aperture, which may be of the same size as in the upper one, with a slide, or regulator, to admit more or less air, as the rate of the fire may require. The bars on which the fire is placed or kept, are either of cast or wrought iron, and are placed at the distance of about half an inch from each other, in order not only to make the fire burn freely, but that a considerble quantity of air may pass through the fire; and being rarified thereby, will greatly assist both in drying the articles before specified, and carrying off the steam also; the number and length of the bars must be governed by the size of the kiln.

The sides of the kiln-hole, or fire-place, are cast-iron, or any other article that the fire will not easily destroy; if of cast-iron, about half an inch thick will answer the purpose, and in that part on each side against which the fire lies, is a piece of cast or wrought iron, or any other article or material that will hold the heat, of about eighteen inches long, about six inches deep, and about two inches thick, to project into the fire-place, which not only prevents the sides from being destroyed by the fire, but being kept red hot, thereby necessarily throws a great heat into the body of the kiln. The upper edge of the projecting piece may be levelled off, to prevent the coals or fuel resting on it, and thereby damaging the sides. The top of each of the sides forms the base of an arch of cast-iron, or any other material that will answer the purpose, of about the same thickness of the sides. The ash-hole beneath the fire should be about eighteen inches long, twelve wide, and twelve deep.

Mr. ROBERT BARLOW'S, *for certain oriental, aromatic, chemical Compositions or Compounds to be made up and moulded into various Forms, Shapes, and ornamental Devices, as Amulets, in Butterflies, Birds, Shells, and Animals; and to be worn as an ornamental part of Dress by Ladies and Gentleman, as Rings, Broaches, Lockets, Pins, Combs, Bandeaus, and other Ornaments; and for various other useful Purposes; which oriental, aromatic, chemical, Compositions he denominates "Ebenbosamic and Ebengavui bosamic Compositions or Compounds," or aromatic variegated*

artificial Marbles and Stones, opaque and transparent.

OF various aromatic herbs agreeable to the scent required, take one pound, well dried by the solar rays, beat the same in a mortar to a powder, and put them in a wide-mouthed jar or bottle made of glass, and as much of the best alcohol or high rectified spirits of wine, as will cover or rise above the surface when pressed down six inches; then place such jar or bottle in the rays of the sun for six or seven days, more or less as may be required, then draw off the same by distillation; when this aromatic spirit is fully prepared, there must be dissolved therein such aromatic gums as may be thought necessary to select, of each one ounce; when the mucilage is ready, mix with the same of rose-wood powder, of Turkey rose-leaves, and oriss-root, until it becomes the consistency of paste; then add to the composition, being in weight one pound, the following essentials:—otto of roses three drachms, oil of cloves four drachms, best grain musk four drachms, frankincense and myrrh each two drachms, and oil of sweet nuts one ounce, these essentials being previously well ground in a marble mortar; after which, add such colours from fruits, flowers, &c. as saffron, cochineal, saunders, safflowers, &c. as fancy shall dictate; then to be formed into any required shapes or forms, in moulds, prepared for that purpose in the usual way.

Mr. WILLIAM WELLER'S, *for a Method of manufacturing, forming, making, and engraving, Copper Plates for printing Policies to secure Persons from Loss of Property of certain Descriptions.*

THE plates are to be manufactured out of sheet copper, and made of folio size, in a rectangular or parellelogram form, properly prepared and highly polished, for engraving, which is to be executed in a neat, elegant, and masterly like manner. At the top of the plate or policy (in the centre) will be neatly engraved his Majesty's arms, with this motto—By his Majesty's royal letters patent," on one side of the plate or policy parallel with his majesty's arms, will be neatly engraved the figure of justice, round or underneath which will be this motto, "Property secured." On the other side of the plate or policy parellel with the other figures will be neatly engraved the bust or head of the patentee, round or under which will be this motto, "William Weller, inventor." On one side of the plate or policy will be neatly engraved or cut, a curious scroll or check the whole length of the plate, down which will be engraved this motto, "Property secured from thieves and robbers," part of which when the policy is cut out will go with the policy to the insured, and the counterpart remains in the book at the office, by way of check. The body of the policy will be neatly engraved, and contain, as far as possible, so much of the covenant and necessary matter as appertains thereto, and is fair and equitable between man and man, or the insurers and insured, with proper blank lines left to be filled up (with the pen) with the different sort and species of property insured, specifically particularized, and minutely described. These engraved copper plates forming together the most grand and useful policy of security ever yet made in this kingdom, are for printing patent policies to insure and secure persons from loss of property of certain descriptions.

The great public utility of these plates or policies is with the patronage of the public, to secure and insure his majesty's subjects from the loss of a sort and species of property at present entirely insecure and unprotected, though daily exposed to great danger, as may be seen by the frequent losses sustained, and the numerous depredations daily committed in this metropolis, its environs, and the kingdom at large. Insurances in general have been found and proved very useful to the community, and numerous offices have been opened for the above purposes, but nothing has ever yet gone (till this) to secure and insure a certain sort and species of property exposed to great danger by thieves and robbers, neither has any other kind of property been ever yet protected, secured, and insured, by engraved copper-plate patent policies. The effecting this great and most desirable object appears to have been reserved for the patentee; who by great labour and

expence is the whole and sole inventor of this long-wished-for design. The principal object is, first, an indemnification from loss of property at present unprotected by any insurance; secondly, to assist in detecting and bringing offenders to justice; thirdly, to provide for the widows and children of those who may be killed in defending any property insured. The description of property to be secured is that which is subject to burglaries, forcible entries in dwelling houses, shops, &c. To secure and indemnify persons robbed on the highway, by footpads, &c. To secure and indemnify for the loss of cattle, horses, sheep, &c. and to secure property or merchandize upon the high seas, according to the conditions of insurance thereunto annexed.

Mr. PLOWDEN's *for newly-invented Apthartic Viands; being Butcher's-meat, animal and comestible Substances, preserved without acid, salt, or drying, in a sweet, palatable, and nutritious State for a considerable length of time.*

THIS is described as being performed in the following manner; viz. Putrefaction is a spontaneous decomposition of the elementary parts of bodies. Although the atmospheric air, be not the sole efficient cause of this decay, yet it is evidently favoured and accelerated by its contact: consequently the preservation of these bodies as much as possible from the atmospheric influence, must proportionably retard and prevent putrefaction, which is effected by the evaporation or exhalation of the elementary parts. If therefore these bodies, meats, &c. while sound and untainted can be closely enveloped in some medium which is air-proof, so as to prevent evaporation or exhalation, their decomposition must be protracted as long as the admission of the outward air is resisted. The quality of an incrustating matter must not only resist the effects of the atmospheric air, but it must not communicate any noxious qualities to the meat, flesh, &c. inclosed.

The substance out of which Mr. Plowden forms this incrustation, is very highly dried essence, or extract of meat. The substance intended for preservation being dressed will keep the longer, and it should be put into the vessel in a cold state, and wiped dry. Care must be taken that it contain no insect, vermin, or any immediate active cause of corruption; or any particle of inchoated putrefaction, or those parts of meat which are said to be "beginning to go." Every part of the substance to be preserved should be completely enveloped in the extract so that no vacuum or interstice be left open, and it should be applied in that fusible state as to find its way into every vacuum. The vessels are best of wood, and should be kept as dry as possible. If the essence or extract be properly made, the pleasant wholesome and nutritive soup which it affords will be incalculable. Besides, the process of extracting the gelatin or glutinous quality from the animal substance, the membrane and all the other parts except the earth and bone, will be left in a state ready to be converted into soup. The earth of the bones will afford phosphoric acid, from which that phosphorus may be made which is much valued by refiners.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A LETTER from Mr. Cadell, at Paris, to H. Davy, Esq. secretary to the society, states, that the French chemists have successfully repeated Mr. Davy's experiments upon the decomposition of the fixed alkalies, and that they have found a remarkable confirmation of his discovery in the action of heated iron upon pot-ash and soda. Messrs. Gay, Lussac, and Thenard introduced pot-ash into the bottom of a gun-barrel, bent in the form of an S, which was strongly heated; the action of the pot-ash decomposes the heated iron; the metallic base partly distils over, and is partly found in a state of alloy with the iron. M. Berthollet also read a paper to the Institute, endeavouring to confirm his father's analysis of ammonia.

Mr. Brande read an interesting and able paper as the results of an analysis of numerous specimens of different calculi, and in order to ascertain the relative quantities of uric acid, phosphats of magnesia and lime, and to determine the effects of the usual solvents alkali and acids, for calculi in the bladder and kidneys. It appeared that out of 150 stones, 60 were found composed of phosphoric acid and animal matter, and that only 12 were found of pure uric acid: the phosphats of magnesia and lime with a slight portion of uric acid and animal matter were the most common. Some of the stones had pieces of bougies, hazel nuts, and peas for nuclei. Mr. Home's observations proved that though alkaline solvents might dissolve the uric acid, the phosphoric, always the most plentiful, would be increased, and the virulence of the desease, though mitigated for the moment, would eventually become much more dangerous. The same adverse effects were ascribed to the use of acids as solvents: so that no safe and efficient remedy is yet discovered for calculous complaints.

Messrs. Allen and Pepys read a paper on the effects of respiration on the atmosphere. After reviewing all that had been written on the subject, they expressed a hope of ascertaining with more accuracy than preceding experimenters, by means of their eudiometer, the quantity of oxigen consumed, and carbonic gas emitted, by the lungs in a given period.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. DAVY's fourth lecture was distinguished by some very brilliant experiments, with observations on the electrical phenomena observable in the heating and cooling of bodies. He explained the structure of different kinds of electrical batteries; he said, the shock of a powerful battery, compared with that of Volta, was as the sound of many cannon to the distant noise of thunder. He explained the effect of the Galvanic fluid upon the taste and the eye. He then began to deflagrate metals; wires of iron, of lead, of platina, to the length of six or eight inches. The battery he used, however, ought to have deflagrated them to nearly as many feet. He then tried the effects of the Galvanic fluid on oil and alcohol, and shewed that metal might be ignited in vacuo; or that combustion might be effected without the intervention of oxigen. He then tried how far the Galvanic fluid could be made to pass through the air, and for the first time found that it passed through a space of more than one quarter of an inch. This was tried on a flat piece of glass covered with tin foil. He deprecated the admission of principles without proof, and observed that facts alone, formed the strength and vitality of science; he said that imagination ought to be subordinate to reason, and that speculations should not take place of experiments.

The fifth lecture was purely historical, tracing the origin and progress of electricity, down to the present era of research, and discovery. He paid an animated tribute to the comprehensive genius of Dr. Franklin, and the sound principles of philosophy by which it had been directed. He said the manly simplicity of his stile was admirably adapted to the communication of science: he had not left philosophy to reign with lonely magnificence in her temple; but divesting her of all pride and ostentation, he had made her familiar with the homes and dwellings of men. Mr. Davy strongly reprobated the illiberal doctrine, that knowledge was to be withheld from the people. In this spirit, he said, Plato had cloathed philosophy in a veil of mysticism, to allure the senses, but to delude the reason. Knowledge ought to be consecrated to the use of mankind; its proper object was the exaltation of humanity. Who that was capable of a dignified pursuit or a noble sentiment, would not rather exist like Anaxagoras, seeking truth in solitude, than live like Plato in splendour and dependence, the obsequious favourite of Dionysius? With respect to modern science, Mr. Davy assigned to his countrymen, the first meed of praise. From the exalted state of science here, he inferred the superiority of our national character. When the rose was seen budding, it was known that the oak had also put forth its buds. Our country, he said, had long enjoyed peculiar advantages. The pure spirit of protestantism had purified our morals. The principles

of civil liberty had given expansion to our views and dignity to our conduct. The contemplation of nature cannot but lead the mind of man to its great author. From knowledge flows devotion, and the stream is as pure as its source.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THIS Society have had a meeting at their rooms in the Adelphi, when the honorary distinctions were delivered to the successful candidates by the Duke of Norfolk. Gold medals were given to Mr. Curwen, for improvement in the culture of vegetables; to Lord Mansfield, for planting 96,000 oaks, near Scone in Scotland; to Lord Boringdon, for gaining land from the sea, near Plympton; to the Bishop of Llandaff, for planting 322,500 larch trees in Lancashire; to Dr. Bain, for planting 838,199 forest trees, at Heffleton, in Dorsetshire; to Mr. C. Wairtell, for his communication of methods to ascertain the growth of trees at different periods; to Mr. Whitworth, for manufacturing ropes and sacking from sheep's wool, to answer the purpose of those from hemp; and to Capt. Manby, of Yarmouth, for forming a communication with ships stranded, by means of a rope thrown over the vessel by a mortar from the shore. Among the rest were three young artists, all of them under ten years of age, whom the Duke of Norfolk, who was in the chair, kindly encouraged by hopes of future and still greater success. The business of the day was concluded by his Grace, in an elegant and animated speech, in which he expressed his thanks to the Margravine of Anspach, who was present, for her liberal and zealous support of the views of the society; and he took the opportunity of informing the members of the society, that their funds were in a most flourishing state, and the number of their members continually increasing.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

THIS establishment has lately received a splendid acquisition in the magnificent collection of minerals bequeathed by the late Dr. Thomson, of Naples. This splendid collection, after having fortunately escaped every danger, has arrived in Edinburgh untouched; government not only remitted the duties, but allowed the whole to pass unsearched. The interest of 1500*l.* Dr. Thomson has destined for the payment of a lecturer on mineralogy, and for the support of the cabinet. It is contained in forty very large boxes, till proper cases are made to receive the specimens. The collection of the late Dr. Hutton has also been deposited in the museum.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

A NEW edition of the Greek text of Herodotus, carefully corrected from that of Wesselling and Reitz, is printing at the University Press, Oxford. Another work of importance, the "Porti Lexicon Ionum" is also preparing, and is to be printed uniformly with the Herodotus. This Lexicon has long been extremely scarce and expensive.

The concluding volume of Mr. Nichol's History of Leicestershire, burned at the late fire at his printing-office, and the second volume of the History of Sussex have again been put to press.

A quarterly publication will commence in the ensuing winter under the title of a Classical Journal, including classical and biblical criticisms, academical prize poems and dissertations. This work will be conducted by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and will admit of communications from every part of the world in Latin, French, and English.

A new translation of the Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself, by the author of the Swiss Emigrants, is completed. It is accompanied by a preface, illustrative of some peculiarities of French manners, particularly in the literarary and fashionable circles, with notes and notices of characters and events alluded to in the original.

The Rev. Mr. W. Newman, of Old

Ford, intends to publish a reply to two queries, 1st, What has the Gospel done for Females? 2d, What have Christian Females done for the Gospel?

A new translation of the venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History is preparing for the press, by the Rev. J. Evans, author of two Tours through North and South Wales, accompanied with numerous notes.

Mr. William Blake's Illustrations of Blair's Grave, etched by Mr. Louis Schiavonetti, will shortly be published.

A new edition of Dr. Carey's Latin Prosody made easy, with considerable addditions and improvements, is in the press. It contains a minute account of above fifty different species of verse, a metrical key to the Lyrics of Horace, and a copious index.

Dr. Carey has also issued proposals for teaching, in four lessons, a method of writing, entitled Shorthand Shortened, the whole comprised in fifteen charaters of the most simple kind, viz. four right lines, one ascending hair stroke, four semicircles, four curved lines, or segments of a larger circle, and two small circles or loops, drawn in contrary directions.

A member of the University of Oxford has projected a small work entitled "The Essentials of English Grammar" on a practical plan, for the use of classical and French schools. In this work he has laid a foundation for classical and French literature, without violating the purity of the English language. It also contains such rules to distinguish the parts of speech, and such a guide to parsing as are not to be found elsewhere.

Dr. George Alley, of Cork, has nearly ready for publication Observations on the Hydrargyria, or that peculiar species of eruptive disease, arising from the exhibition of mercury; to be illustrated with coloured engravings. This work will contain all the information on this singular and interesting disease contained in former writers, besides the author's experience during a period of more than six years in the Westmorland Lock Hospital, Dublin, one of the largest establishments for venereal patients in Europe. The various affections produced by other irritating causes, which form a distinct genus of disease, will be particularly considered.

A History of Portugal, in the Portuguese language, is nearly ready for publication, in three small volumes.

The Life of Romney, by Mr. Hayley, is nearly finished. This is expected to be an interesting work, that will tend to make the eminent painter more universally known; he to whom Mr. Hayley has already paid so classical a tribute of affection. Mr. Isaac Peach, one of the painter's earliest pupils, has lately gained the first prize given by the English school.

Mr. Thomas Warren, schoolmaster of Bury, has exhibited an engraved slate of his invention, to teach any person to write without the use of pen, ink, paper, or a master. The novelty and facility of this method has been much admired.

Mr. J. Phœnix, Liverpool, has invented a fire alarm. By means of the expansion of heated air, water is forced out of a glass vessel upon a piece of loaf sugar, about half an inch square, the melting of which causes a spring to escape, which spring communicates with an alarm, or rings the bell in the lobby; but it would be necessary to have an alarm of this nature in every room in the house.

Mr. J. Hawkins, of Tichfield-street, has established a Museum for the reception and exhibition of useful and mechanical inventions and improvements. Of these, his own form the greatest number, and contain among many others, a cock by which a servant can draw no more liquor than is ordered; a machine to be towed across a river, which will at the same moment draw on paper to any reduced scale, the exact shape of the bottom; shewing at one view the depth of the water in every part, together with the width of the river; a violin to fold up for the pocket; and artificial ears for the deaf, which may be worn out of sight.

To destroy insects which injure timber, wood, articles of furniture, &c.:— As most insects are fond of sugar and mucilage, in consequence of felled wood abounding with sap is most liable to be penetrated by worms, it is recommended to wash wood, &c. with a solution of arsenic in hot water,

in the proportion of one pound to ten gallons, or with a strong decoction of coloquintida, or bitter apple, or with white hellebore. It is also observed that insects seldom penetrate through any paint prepared from lead, and therefore it would be useful to paint every wainscot up the inside before it is put up, which will also preserve the wood from the ill effects of damp.

France.

The cultivation of the sweet potatoe of St. Domingo, it appears, has been some time since introduced into the south of France, where they preserve that flavour which renders them so valuable in the West Indies. M. de Newry, the cultivator, has partly succeeded in raising them in common mould.

Something like a Lord Chamberlain now presides over the four great theatres at Paris. According to the orders of the officer of the emperor's household, appointed by the late regulation, insubordination among the actors, or negligence in the discharge of duty, are punishable by fine or arrest, and in some cases by imprisonment.

Some speculator at Paris has talked of constructing a press, from which 1200 copies of a work, comprising 24 sheets, may be printed in twelve hours. A new method of composition, more expeditious than that in present use, is also among his proposals.

The libraries of the mathematical schools in Paris are now furnished with M. Peyrard's translation of Archimedes.

Germany.

The malevolent report spread in the newspapers that the subscription for raising a monument to Luther, had been paid to the French, as part of a contribution, has been formally contradicted by the trustees in Germany. During the last fair at Leipsic only 886 titles of books appeared. Never has it been so *poverty-stricken* in novels; only fifty-two new ones appeared. War and politcs, however, have been subjects tolerably prolific.

At length servitude is to be abolished in Prussia: an edict from Memel ordains that after St. Martin's day, 1810, servitude of all kinds shall be abolished in the Prussian dominions; citizens will be at liberty to acquire the honours of nobility, and nobles devote themselves without degradation to useful employments. In the army in future, no distinction is to be admitted between the noble and the citizen; one may rise by merit equally with the other. Officers are also strictly prohibited from making any use of their canes to strike the privates in future.

Professor Stromeyer, of Gottingen, has published in thirty-two whole sheet tables, a systematic arrangement of the different substances the particular objects of chemical science, with a copious collection of synonyms in German, Latin, French, and English. He has made use of an innovation in classing oil, sugar, starch, gluten, and several other vegetable and animal matters, as oxides, with compound radicals, consisting either of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. Among these he makes wax differ from fixed oil only, in being more oxided, and adipocere from fat in the same manner. Respecting his investigation into the union of hydrogen with metals, he confines himself to arsenic. This, he says, succeeds best in digesting an alloy of fifteen parts of tin and one of arsenic, with concentrated muriatic acid, in a retort connected with the pneumatic apparatus. He convinced himself by experiments that muriatic acid completely frees tin from arsenic, and that the fetid hydrogen gas evolved when the tin of the shops is dissolved in muriatic acid, is not a compound of tin and hydrogen, as Fourcroy conjectures in his chemical system, but of arsenic and hydrogen. A very pure oximuriate of tin is obtained when arsenicated hydrogen is formed as above. Professor Stromeyer concludes with an experiment shewing the effect of oil of turpentine on arsenicated hydrogen gas, ten cubic inches of gas being confined over this essential oil, all the arsenic was separated in the course of ten hours, so as to leave the hydrogen gas pure. No perceptible disposition of metal or oxide took place, but the oil appeared viscous and milky, and small six-sided chrystals terminating in pyramids, were found adhering to the

sides of the vessel. These chrystals being set on fire, burned like oil of turpentine, emitting a very manifest smell of arsenicated acid. The same appearance followed the tranmission of hydrogen gas through oil of turpentine.

Switzerland.

A marble bust of Lavater the physiognomist, executed by Danneker, has been placed in the public library at Zurich.

The monument of Gesner, which it appears was damaged by accident, and the effects of the atmosphere, is under repair by a disciple of the master who executed it.

A Mr. Fellenberg, of Willhoff, near Berne, who has devoted his time to the improvement of agricultural implements of every description, has begun to vend them by sale, and wishes to educate pupils in his methods. He has several farms, and has built a high tower in the centre of his estate, from whence he can survey the whole.

A life of Fuselli, the painter, is in forwardness at Zurich, written by one of his friends. It is published in numbers, the first of which is embellished with eight engravings in outline.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

THE Right Reverned RICHARD HURD, Bishop of Worcester, who lately died at Hartlebury Castle, the episcopal palace, was in his 88th year. This venerable prelate had long been the distinguished ornament of the Bench, and furnished a specimen of that sort of men, which formerly upheld by their elevation to the mitre the security of our church establishment. Dr. Hurd had improved great natural sagacity by profound acquirements in both sacred and profane knowledge, and has left behind him several monuments of his industry and zeal, at once creditable to himself and honourable to his profession. However, it is to be recollected, that he was patronized by a prelate of a kindred intellect, the celebrated Warburton.

Mr. Hurd was born at Congreve, in Staffordshire, where his father was a respectable farmer, who placed his son under the tuition of that eminent scholar Anthony Blackwall, author of the Sacred Classics. At Cambridge, Mr. Hurd was admitted of Emanuel College, of which he afterwards became Fellow, and he was presented by his society to the living of Thurcaston, in Lincolnshire. It was here he prepared his edition of Horace, which he dedicated to Bishop Warburton, then considered as the Colossus of literature and the first critic of his day. Through his interest Mr. Hurd was allured from his seclusion in Lincolnshire, and made archdeacon of Gloucester; the Bishop also associated him with himself, as a preacher at the Chapel in Lincoln's-Inn. It was here that Mr. Hurd's discourses attracted the notice and friendship of the Earl of Mansfield, who obtained for him, the distinguished office of preceptor to the Prince of Wales. As his preferment was no longer doubtful, in 1775 he was made Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry; in 1781, he was appointed clerk of the closet to the King; and on the death of Dr. Cornwallis, in 1783, he was offered the see of Canterbury: but he had obtained a situation more congenial to his wishes, and therefore declined it. For several years past Bishop Hurd had, in a manner, secluded himself at Hartlebury: he had enriched that noble pile with a library, containing the greater part of the books which belonged to Mr. Pope and Bishop Warburton: these he has bequeathed for the use of his successors. His lordship was supposed to have shewn his critical powers and taste to the greatest advantage in his edition of Horace's *Epistolæ ad Pisones*, &c. with an English commentary and notes. He also published an edition of Cowley's works: the first appeared in 1759, the latter in 1772.

His Moral and Political Dialogues, with Letters on Chivalry and Romance, 3 vols. 8vo. in 1765, procured him the greatest reputation. These dialogues evince a profound knowledge of the English history and constitution, and a warm attachment to civil liberty. As a theological writer, he published two volumes of excellent sermons, preached before the Society of Lincoln's-Inn; and another vo-

lume, being Discourses on the Prophecies. These volumes exhibit deep thinking, close logical reasoning, fervent piety, and chaste and elegant language. As a disputant, Dr. Hurd appeared in a pamphlet, entitled "Remarks on Mr. Hume's Essay on the Natural History of Religion." When he first became acquainted with Bishop Warburton, he printed an "Essay on the Delicacy of Friendship," in which Dr. Jortin, and Dr. Leland of Dublin, were treated rather rudely for their want of respect to the author's patron. Dr Hurd, after perceiving that his zeal had carried him beyond the limits of moderation, much to his credit, took pains to suppress the obnoxious pamphlet. However, in 1788, a great scholar reprinted this Essay, with some other "Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian." When Bishop Warburton's Works appeared, edited by Bishop Hurd, the world was sensibly disappointed in not finding the long excepted life of that celebrated character; but instead of this, a prefatory discourse, by way of introduction, containing a brief but elegant memoir of Bishop Warburton. Like another eminent dignitary, one of the first of Bishop Hurd's productions that opened the way to public notice was *poetic*; viz. an Ode on the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is also to be presumed, that his liberal mode of thinking, with respect to religious toleration, rendered him an object of the popular fury in 1780, when a misguided mob attacked his chariot, on his way to the House of Peers, which they broke to pieces: but his lordship happily escaped without any injury.

The remains of the venerable Bishop were interred in Hartlebury churchyard, in a private manner, attended chiefly by his tenants and household attendants, according to his own modest and unostentatious desire. His lordship's public situation demanding a more public notice, the subject was duly and honourably adverted to on the following Sunday in a sermon preached at Worcester cathedral by the dean, who very justly set forth the excellency of the deceased prelate's character in all its parts, as a scholar and as a man; as a christian and as a governor of the church. We wish we could present our readers with the preacher's own language, which was highly creditable to himself; affectionate, just; respectful towards the Bishop; and affecting to the congregation: he particularly endeavoured to make his lordship's character useful, as an example to others. In his piety, which he characterized as free from moroseness, gloominess, and superstition; in his conduct as a diocesan, in which he was mild in his discipline, candid, just, and benevolent to all: his scholarship, he observed, spoke for itself in his works which he has left behind him; all calculated to shew ingenuity, a polished mind, and a well-stored understanding. The pulpit, throne, and communion table, were hung with black, which, with the solemnity of the occasion, combined to render the service solemn and interesting; and we are sure we represent the sense of these present, when we say, that all were very sensibly affected, as well as gratified by the suitable and pious leave thus taken of a truly excellent man.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SPAIN continues to be the subject of anxious expectation and curiosity. The newspapers, as usual, took up the question, without any knowledge of the country, of the French troops in it, and the previous steps that had been taken to bring it into its present extraordinary condition. It was sufficient for many of them, that tumults had taken place: these were magnified into universal discontent. Patriotism had erected its standard: multitudes had flocked to it: and so sanguine were the expectations of the newspapers, that not a Frenchman had escaped the merciless but just vengeance of their enemies. To add to this, the ports were opened to England, the Spanish navy was in our possession, and the French emperor was baffled in all his designs. These were the chimæras of the day. Phantoms raised and destroyed at pleasure. By degrees the truth came out; but our intelligence is still very imperfect.

Three facts are established. First, That there has been an insurrection at Madrid, in which great numbers were slain on both sides; but the victory was decisively in favour of the French: so decisive, that the capital is completely in their hands; and we all know what effect that must have upon a whole country. The French general is the declared *locum tenens* of the sovereign, and his laws are current in the kingdom. No other authority has appeared to counterbalance it: for the provinces, which are supposed to have raised the standard of insurrection, do it in the name of one or other of the kings, whose authority is completely at an end by their abdication.

The second fact is, that deputies have arrived in this country from Spain, charged with commissions from various bodies of insurgents, and they have been received by our ministry. To what extent their information reaches, and how far their intelligence can be trusted, time must shew. It is said, that arms, ammunition, money, and artillery men, are to be sent from this country, in consequence, into Spain. We shall not be at all surprised, if they all fall into the hands of Bonaparte's general.

The third fact is, that a correspondence has taken place between the governor of Cadiz and our admiral off that port. Whatever the negociation has been, it has completely failed. The inhabitants of Cadiz have refused to let us take possession of their forts and the fleet; and whatever may be their internal dissentions, they think themselves much safer in the hands of the French than the English, or they dread more from the French than from our enmity. We are not competent to judge what might have been done with propriety and safety by either admiral or governor: nor can we blame the inhabitants of Cadiz, till we know better what was the state of parties within the town. It is very possible that they, who were well disposed towards the English, must have seen how little security there could be in our protection; and that a French army, attacking them on the land side, would take a dreadful vengeance of their treachery. Within there could be no security. While some were for the old, some for the new king, some for the English, some for the French, a total ignorance prevailing of the state of their country at large, their councils must have been distracted; and it is not at all improbable, that the French admiral, taking advantage of their confusion, has made them subservient to his views. The position of the English admiral required great talents and great energy of mind. He was placed in those circumstances, in which men, fitted for the ordinary duties only of life, know not how to act. With a Nelson at the head of the fleet, some great exploit would have been performed, and he would not have been an idle spectator of Spanish commotions.

Spain is in an extraordinary condition. It is very different from that in which England was placed, when its sovereign abdicated the throne in 1688. An army of Dutchmen, headed by the Prince of Orange, had penetrated but a small way into this kingdom, when the tyrant James II. felt himself to be abandoned by his court; and after a few irresolute motions, he abdicated the throne, and quitted the kingdom. The nation then met by its representatives, declared the throne vacant, set aside the legal claimants, chose a new sovereign, a foreigner, and in a subsequent reign legalised their transactions, selected another family to reign over this kingdom, and thus made the throne hereditary in the line, which at present holds it. Spain has seen the abdication of two monarchs. Both are retired into France, into the same country in which our James took refuge. Spain is left without a king, but without an apparent aversion to either of those who lately sat upon the throne. No system has been formed to join the principal men of the country in the choice of a successor, and they have no constitutional mode of meeting. The French interest bears no little sway, independent of the actual force that it can exert: and, if there were any patriotical spirit in the country, it would be difficult for it to find means of expanding itself. In this state of things, the expectation of great energy on the part of the Spaniards seems to be without founda-

tion; and, in fact, what are the mass of the people to fight for?

The last is a serious question, and on which our papers do not wish to lay any stress. They talk of the old Castilian spirit, and imagine that a people depressed by two centuries of the most degrading slavery, should have the wisdom and the courage to act, as men trained up to the noble and honourable sentiments of liberty. We can expect no such things. The independence of a nation is a thing greatly to be desired, and for which a free man will sacrifice his life and fortune: but when the mind has been accustomed to the vile bondage of priests and the tyranny of an inquisition, when it sees no means of relief from these galling and accursed yokes, it will hail as deliverers any power by which they are removed. The princes and great men of Spain have all concurred in pressing these yokes upon the people. It is too late then for them to expect energy; and if the energy should arise, sufficient to drive the French from the country, a new order of men, as in France, will arise, and drive from their possessions their ancient tyrants. This is the law of Providence, and an awful example it holds out to every country. The sovereign power, wherever it resides, may make what laws it pleases; but if it makes laws contrary to the good and welfare of the governed, however it may succeed for a time in breaking the spirits of the subjects, it will either in itself, or its successors, rue the consequences of such atrocious conduct. Legislation is a sacred trust, and cannot be abused with impunity; and when the judgments of God are upon the earth, it is time for the kings and princes, whom they have not yet reached, to learn wisdom.

Our intelligence is very imperfect as to the conduct of Bonaparte at Bayonne. Thither the chief men of Spain, who are on his side, will resort; and it is said, that the states of different provinces have been assembled, and the name of his brother Joseph has been presented to them as that of their new sovereign. There cannot be a doubt, that he is as fit to reign as either of the preceding monarchs: and if the Spanish nation received a sovereign before from the French, it must be acknowledged that the present comes to them under much better auspices than the last, and is likely to perform greater services to the country. But we must wait patiently till the whole scheme is unravelled. What Bonaparte planned in Paris he is now executing, and his schemes are well digested before the execution begins. We have seen Italian deputies meeting at Lyons; we shall now probably hear of Spanish deputies meeting at Bayonne. A new constitution will be framed for Spain; and, in exchanging its Bourbon dynasty for the Bonaparte dynasty, it will be a great gainer; and in a few years a new spirit will revive in the country, raising it to the station which it ought to hold among the nations of Europe. We could not but smile at one sagacious remark of our newspaper writers, that the roads in Spain are excessively bad; that dry weather prevails to the autum, when the autumnal rains make them impassable. They forget that the dry weather is in favour of Bonaparte's armies, and that all his plans will be completed before the autumn. There may be a little war of posts, a little opposition in a few of the provinces, but the language held by the inhabitants of Cadiz forbids us to expect, that our interference will be of any other consequence than to shew how completely our influence is lost in the direction of the affairs of Europe.

Portugal seems to be very quiet under its new masters, and to wait its destiny with great composure. Its affairs will be settled at the same time with those of Spain; and whether it continues to be a separate kingdom, or form part of the kingdom of Spain, it is impossible almost that it should be worse governed than it has been for the last century. The establishment of the royal family in the Brazils does not seem to have produced any great effect in Portugal. They who are discontented with the present state of affairs can scarcely find an opportunity of selling their property, and of course must submit to the new government: but it cannot be doubted, that many will carry their wealth to the Brazils, when they can do it to advantage.

The north of Europe next excites our attention. A British force has sailed from this country, and is in the ports of Sweden, and by all accounts seems to have been a long time inactive. This is not the way that Bonaparte would employ his troops, if he had the command of the seas. The real state of the Russians in Finland is not well ascertained. They have possession of the greater part of that province, and the Swedish arms do not seem to have produced any great effect in Norway. There is no appearance, however, of despondency in the King of Sweden, and as yet there seems not any reason for him to be very much alarmed. It appears almost impossible that the French should land in his country, whilst we have so great a force in those seas. The papers say that the French are dissatisfied with the King of Denmark; but the real fact is, that very little dependence can be placed on any thing we read in the papers. Facts explain themselves, and we wait for real accounts of the progress made by the Russians in Finland, and of the probability that they will extend their arms into Sweden. The crisis will be in the decline of the summer; and if the king preserves his proper dominions free from attack to the autumn, he may securely sit on his throne during the winter.

We hear little of Denmark, and cannot tell how it likes its new connections with the French. Of the German states our information is meagre. It is said, that the Spanish troops in them are kept so much apart from each other, that they cannot act in concert to any purpose, independent of French direction. Of the Austrians, it is supposed, that they are recruiting their strength: but there is not the least reason for presuming that they are arming to check the power of the French, or to interfere at all with the present arrangements of their emperor. Austria is contented with the subordinate part it is compelled to play in the present drama, waiting for an opportunity, which will never probably occur, of recovering its lost splendour.

Italy remains in a quiet state. The discontents in the kingdom of Naples seem to have subsided, and its vagabond troops of Lazaroni are gradually becoming industrious, being employed by the French in works of utility. But no attempt has hitherto been made upon Sicily, and we can scarcely account for this want of apparent activity in the French sovereign of Naples. But the poor Pope is become the great object in this part of the world. While some affect in this country to be afraid of this miserable remain of antient folly and superstition, scarcely a vestige of power is left to him; and by an order of the French general, his court of cardinals is dispersed, all being obliged to quit Rome. A doleful letter has been addressed by the Pope to each cardinal, charging him not to leave Rome but under the compulsion of force, and not to go a step further than that force compels him to move. It is a consolation in this concussion of the world, that this throne of fraud is so completely shaken. We hope that the French general will take care that these cardinals hold no converse with each other, and will prevent the pretended holy father from ever making another. Thus the imposture of a vicar of Christ will cease in the person of this old man, and the French will have one good work to oppose to their many enormities.

One could hardly believe it possible, that in such a state of the popish religion any Englishman could affect to feel a dread of it, and whilst Bonaparte is the champion of toleration, it should remain for this country to be the enemy of it. A great feature in our domestic politics is the rejection of the catholic petition from Ireland by both Houses of Parliament. A few attempts were made in the pulpits to raise an outcry against our brethren, who happen not to believe what we do: but it is with great pleasure we note the circumstance, that, at a celebrated popular chapel of the established church, a great part of the congregation left the place upon the preacher advancing his intolerant and bigotted notions, and the remainder expressed a manifest dissatisfaction at a teacher of Christianity employing his time in an endeavour to create animosity, instead of promoting universal love and benevolence. How different has been the conduct of the

Bishop of Norwich; a man who is an honour to the bench, and who really deserves the name of a truly christian bishop.

The debate was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Grattan, who went over the political state of Catholicism, shewing that we had no objection to enter into alliances with foreign catholics, and were not afraid of breaches of trust in them on account of religion; that no such opinion was held by Irish catholics, as that the Pope could absolve them from their allegiance; that popery, weak in itself where free discussion was allowed, was still weaker from the present state of that religion on the continent; that if the Pope's influence could be supposed to be great, an opportunity was offered of weakening it, by giving to the king the power of electing bishops. He shewed that the removal of the disabilities of catholics would tend to unite Ireland in one common cause, and he brought forward a variety of arguments to shew the benefits of mutual toleration. —Mr. Secretary Canning dissented from the measure because the present was a season of imperious necessity, and therefore the worst possible either for the catholics to ask, or for the parliament to grant. It was well known that a prejudice prevailed against the measure, which was not to be overcome by a rash and ill-judged defiance. The former objections have not ceased to exist, yet he looked forward to the time, when whatever could be wished by the most zealous friend of the measure might be accomplished. He begged it to be understood, that he objected merely to the season in which it was brought forward, and not to the principle upon which the great question was founded.——Mr. Windham thought that, as well for the honour of the country as the safety of Ireland, not an hour should be lost in acceding to the present claims of the catholics. Various speeches were made with little or no addition to the argument.— Mr. Elliott complained of the disposition of ministers towards the catholics, instanced in the appointment of Mr. Giffard, their parsimony towards Maynooth College, and the rumoured advancement of Dr. Duigenan to a seat in the privy council.—Mr. Ponsonby stated, that the catholics were willing that the appointment of every catholic bishop should be vested in the king; and he laughed at the apprehensions of danger from the Pope.—The motion for the bill going into a committee was rejected by a majority of 281 against a minority of 128.

In the House of Lords, a motion to a similar import was brought forward by Lord Grenville, in a very long speech in his usual manner.—Lord Sidmouth thought the time improper. He looked upon the measure as called for, not by the mass of Irish catholics, but by a few individuals to suit their own ambition. If emancipation was wished for, let them endeavour to emancipate their peasantry from the bondage of ignorance, and the catholics particularly from the bondage of bigotry.—Lord Moira represented this as a time not fit for the alienation of four millions of people from our cause. The crisis was awful, and an hour was not to be lost in acceding to the just, equitable, and unanswerable claims of our catholic brethren.—The Bishop of Norwich supported the claims of the catholics, and thought it a great injury to any description of his Majesty's subjects to be debarred from any object of honourable ambition on account of their religious opinions. The catholics had in the most solemn manner denied the abominable doctrines imputed to them, and it did not appear that their opinions had a bad practical effect on their lives. The legislature had borne testimony to their loyalty, and in private life they could not be accused of acting by the principle that no faith was to be kept with heretics. If such were their doctrine, they were not only not fit for political privileges, but absolutely unfit for human society. They would be mousters, and no banditti upon earth would admit them into their gang. In the present age, whatever notions were formerly held, it would be hard to find a country where men's religious opinions excluded them from civil or political rights; and he should be very sorry that, in this enlightened age, this

country should be behind hand in following the plain path equally of duty and sound policy. A learned judge, in his excellent commentary on the laws of England, had maintained, that when there should be no pretender, the penal laws against the catholics ought to be repealed, that time had now arrived, *magni stat nominis umbra*, and it was evident that there was not the least occasion at present for these statutes. He had heard that the coronation oath had been started as an objection: but this appeared to him the most trifling that the most subtle or the most wayward imagination could devise. Had not this king repealed the test act in Ireland in 1775, and passed other acts of toleration in 1782? The claims of the catholics are founded in reason and justice: they have a claim on our gratitude for the part they took in the union of the two countries: and however he might differ from persons of high authority, he was compelled to do it by the soundest dictates of his understanding and the best feelings of his heart.

The Archbishop of York denied that parliament could be opened to the catholics as long as they held a foreign jurisdiction, and that there was no salvation beyond the pale of their own church.—The Bishop of Bangor started the old objections, that Catholics were taught not to keep faith with protestants.—Lord Hutchinson denied that this was a party question, and declared that the more the subject was discussed, the better founded would the claims of the catholics appear. Few constitutional objects were obtained without repeated discussion and perseverance. The march of truth might be slow, but it always gained the victory at last. The arguments on the power of the Pope were at an end: it existed no longer: it was itself bound in adamantine chains. It has been said, that to surrender a protestant king with catholic servants was absurd; yet protestants commanded the armies of Louis XIV, catholics were employed by the Russian government, and the three mandarins who attended Lord Macartney in China were of different sects. In every point of view, the catholic emancipation is to be desired. All Europe has coalesced against us: all governments are tolerant except our own, and our danger is increased in a tenfold degree, by an intolerance founded on the most absurd and pernicious principles.

Lord Stanhope was decidedly for religious liberty. As to mistranslations of the bible, the catholics were not so much to blame in urging them against us; and the bishops of our church, in their eagerness for uniformity, forgot that the differences in the Common Prayer Book of Cambridge and Oxford amounted to three thousand six hundred and upwards. The bishops ought to be ashamed of themselves. He begged pardon, one bishop had nobly rescued himself from the ignominy, and his speech will be read with raptures by the whole kingdom.—Many other noble lords spoke to the question, and at five in the morning, on a division, there were for religious liberty 74, against it 161.

The discussion has not produced its full effect: yet it has done good, and will remove the idle and wicked prejudices of many protestants. Nothing could be a stronger argument against the christian religion than the intolerance of Christians towards each other, if there was any ground for it in scripture: but the fact is, that these squabbles about power and the assumption of power, by one body of christians over another, on account of religion, are totally contrary to the principles of Christianity. As to an argument of one bishop against the catholics, that they held no salvation out of the pale of their church, this is not peculiar to the catholics: for be it remembered, that the expressions of the church of England on this subject are the very same as those of the church of Rome; and both churches equally deny, that any man can be saved who does not believe what they term the true catholic faith.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nicaltus" frets and fumes to little purpose. His letter is the letter of a pedagogue, and has confirmed the propriety of our decision in rejecting his "Allegory." *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* He desires it may never be hereafter used in our magazine: alas! we have no power to evoke the ashes of the dead, and "Nicaltus'" allegory flitted in sable sullenness up our chimney long ago. He next rails at some typographical errors: while a malignant adversary can fasten no heavier charge upon us than a misprinted word we shall be content. *Nicaltus* at length becomes abusive, and there we leave him.

One of "Tyro's" sonnets we deemed inadmissible: not from *general* demerit, but from an individual faultiness of expression. This, indeed, is a dilemma in which we often find ourselves placed: having no means to suggest to their authors those partial emendations which would render the whole acceptable, we are compelled to reject entirely; and thus one or two sins may involve the fate of much merit: and we know, too well, how dangerous it is to arouse an author's vengeance by daring to *correct* his *errors*.

We shall be happy, at any time, to receive communications from the pen of Mr. Hall.

The letter from a "Constant Reader," on the intended Subsidiary Curate's Bill, should be sent to the work in which has appeared the arguments he labours to controvert.

We are sorry we cannot insert the poetry transmitted by "Domiciles."

J. S. H. will excuse us if we decline the insertion of his letter on the Rev. Mr. Stone's deprivation. In our *State of Public Affairs*, the question has already been amply discussed.

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"SEMPER FIDELIS."

"*Kais*," (continued from page 451)—"*Sad is my Breast*." Sung by Miss Lyon. Composed by Mr. Reeve.

THERE is a pleasing familiarity in the air of this song, and some of the passages are well imagined; but in the last bar but one of the symphony, there is an error in the composition, whether it is the result of *ignorance* or *carelessness* on the part of the composer we know not: however, it is very evident, that his intention was to introduce the great cadence, or 4th and 6th, resolving into the common chord, but he has made his basses *fundamental*. How will Mr. Reeve explain this circumstance?

"*O Morn's first Beam*." Sung by Mrs. Mountain. Composed by Mr. Reeve. The words of this song deserve a much better air, in short it is so trifling in itself, that it is beneath criticism. Mr. R. ought to apologize to the author of the opera, but indeed more particularly to the public, for having introduced such *trash* at a theatre royal. Why did not Mrs. M. refuse to sing the song, and thereby evince a judgment which we are confident she must possess, after having sang so successfully and delightfully the compositions of Arne, Linley, Shield, &c.

"*To Death and burning Sands*." A Quartetto. Composed by Mr. Braham. In the 10th bar of this quartetto Mr. B. has introduced a new style of musical expression; to the word *fly* he has given a *holding note*, which occupies nearly three whole bars. If Mr. B. would consult his dictionary he would find some *trifling* difference in the meaning of the words *flying* and *standing*; but *sense* and *sound* do not always accompany each other in the compositions of *this common-place*, though *fashionable composer*. The 2d movement in this quartetto commences with an old air, wherein Mr. Braham has made a very humble attempt at a species of composition called a *round*, which requires a greater knowledge of counterpoint than he is in possession of: neither does he seem to know that the natural pitch of his voice (a harsh tenor) is an octave below a treble voice; for at the conclusion of the 22d and commencement of the 23d bars, he has introduced *only three consecutive fifths*, which are sung by himself and the third treble voice. This error may be soon discovered by affixing the proper cleff to Mr. Braham's part, viz. the tenor cleff. The rest of this movement is replete with all the insipidity generally to be found in the compositions of persons whose knowledge of the science of music is very confined. *We shall conclude our remarks upon this opera next month*. H.

"*Silent Kisses*." The words by Leigh Hunt, Esq. The music by John Whitaker. 1s. 6d.

NOTHING can be a more certain criterion by which to judge of the merit of an author, than that of our always imagining his *newest* work to be his *best*. This, however, is the impression which we confess that every new composition of Mr. Whitaker's makes upon us. The song before us is one of such merit, that if we were to express ourselves in terms adequate to it, we might be suspected of flattery, which we disdain. We however, cannot refrain from observing, that it is one of those songs with which we are not fortunate enough to meet above once in three or four years. The author has added a violoncello accompaniment, which produces a most delightfully soothing effect. Mr. Whitaker has been most fortunate also in his words, which are from the pen of the author of those very judicious and vigorous theatrical criticisms that formerly appeared in the "*News*," but now appear in the "*Examiner*." Should this gentleman continue to write songs equal to this, he will indeed be a most formidable rival to Anacreon Moore. T.

The favorite songs, duets, &c. in the "*Jew of Mogadore*." Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Written by R. Cumberland, Esq. Composed by Mr. Kelly. 10s. 6d.

"*'Tis not for Liberty alone*." Sung

by Mrs. Mountain. ASCRIBED to Mr. Kelly.

WHETHER this is or is not the production of *Mr. Addison*, or any other *musical friend* of Mr. Kelly's, we know not: but we do not hesitate to pronounce it a very pretty song. The accompaniments are well arranged, the harmony is properly prepared and resolved, and the rythm is correct. These are sufficient reasons for inducing us to suspect that it is *not* the composition of Mr. Kelly.

"*Honest Jack.*" Sung by Mr. Smith. ASCRIBED to Mr. Kelly.

WE should be extremely sorry to suppose that any person but Mr. K. could produce such a composition as the song before us; it is a *mere confused jargon of sounds*, destitute of air, modulation, and every thing that is necessary to constitute a fine bold sea-song. The *composer* seems to have contented himself with jumbling together a few unconnected passages, which are merely scraps taken from many old compositions, some of which are entirely worn thread-bare. Why do the managers of theatres so repeatedly insult a generous public by employing Mr. Kelly and many other *musical imposters*? Is this a grateful return for the liberal encouragement they meet with daily; or do they mean to say that they *cannot find* persons capable of producing good music?

H.

[*To be continued.*]

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

Further particulars of MARIA ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

THIS Lady, whom we noticed in p. 70, was born in Coire, the capital of the Grisons, on October 30, 1740. Her father, John Joseph Kauffman, of Swarthemberg, was a painter of some consideration. In her earliest infancy, nothing gave Angelica so much pleasure as examining and copying prints. Her father, perceiving this bias, fostered her infant genius; and such was her progress, that she began to paint, first in crayons, and then in oil, when only between eight and nine years of age. In these pursuits she laboured under great difficulties, being prevented from resorting to academies, and assisting her judgment and taste by naked living figures. However, between the tenth and eleventh year of her age, she possessed uncommon skill in taking portraits, it being an indisputable fact when in 1751, accompanying her father to Como, she drew in crayons a portrait of Monseigneur Nevroni, bishop of that city, which attracted the admiration of the prelate and the inhabitants. In 1754, the 14th year of her age, she was conducted by her father to Milan, where the gallery of pictures opened to her a new field of observation and improvement. Here she executed the portraits of the Dutchess of Massa Carrara, Count Firmian, the Austrian governor, and other persons of distinction. The death of her mother brought her back with her father to Swarthemberg, where, as it was necessary to settle some family concerns, Angelica in the mean while executed the painting of the twelve apostles in separate compartments.

In 1758, she returned with her father to Italy; but passing through Constance and other places of note, she took the portraits of Cardinal Cassimir de Roch, Count Monfort and his family, and those of other distinguished personages. She did not remain long at Milan, but actually studied in Reggio, Parma, and Placentia, all the works of Guido, Guercino, and other great masters of the Lombard School. She remained nearly a year in Florence for a similar purpose, and about the close of 1759, went to Rome to give a full scope to her powers. Here she copied the most celebrated paintings, and made draughts and *schizzos* of the most valuable remains of antient sculpture; she also executed several new portraits, and employed all her leisure hours in reading the most eminent poets and historians. She likewise became mistress of four languages, the Italian, the French, the English, and the German, and cultivated music by singing and playing on the harpsichord. She afterwards visited Naples to study and copy the paintings in the royal galle-

ries. In 1764 she removed from Rome to Venice, and staid there a twelvemonth to study the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, &c. At Venice she became acquainted with Lady Wentworth, the wife of our ambassador. With this lady, who was returning home, she came to England in 1765. Here she was soon engaged in the service of the Royal family. She drew a portrait of her Majesty in the costume of a goddess, with the little Prince of Wales by her side. She also painted the Princess Augusta Duchess of Brunswick, holding her young son Prince Charles by the hand, and Christian VII. King of Denmark, who then happened to be in London. She was afterwards nominated a member of the Academy of St. Luke in Rome, of the Clementine Academy at Bologna, those of Venice and Florence, and of the Royal Academy of London.

Towards the close of 1780, being about 40 years of age, she married Signor Antony Zucchi, a Venetian painter, who had long resided in London. Her aged father at length wishing to see his native country and his friends, he prevailed upon her to leave England after a residence of sixteen years. With her father and her husband she went first to Germany, and thence, after visiting their relatives, to Italy; but they had scarcely reached Venice, when Mr. Kauffman died. While at Venice, in 1782, she was personally visited by the late Emperor Paul of Russia and his Empress, under the name of the Count and Countess du Nord. They found her painting the death of Leonardo da Vinci, in the arms of Francis I. king of France, and by their desire, it was finished for themselves. In 1783, she again visited Naples, and in 1784, returned to Rome, to execute her great composition of portraits. Here she was visited by the Emperor Joseph II. then travelling through Italy, who requested her to paint two pictures for the cabinet of Vienna, leaving her the choice of the subject and the size. In the ensuing spring she went to Naples, and was engaged to remain there some time as honorary court-painter and drawing mistress to the two eldest princesses. On her return to Rome, she finished the two pictures for the Emperor Joseph. The subject of one was Æneas doing the funeral honours of young Pallas, after the battle of the Tyrrhenians; the other, Arminius, when after defeating the Romans, with the death of Quintilius Varus, and returning to his forest loaded with Roman trophies, he is met by his wife, and other young women spreading flowers in his path, and presenting him with laurel crowns. These paintings were placed in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and Angelica received a snuff-box and a medal presented her by the Emperor. In the intervals, while employed on these paintings, she executed a commission for the Empress of Russia; viz. a large picture representing Servius Tullius, the sixth King of the Romans, in his infancy, falling asleep in the apartments of the elder Tarquin, when the phenomenon of a bright flame was seen over his head. In 1787, she also finished a picture for Stanislaus of Poland, viz. Virgil reading to Augustus and Octavia the sixth book of the Eneid, and the Empress fainting when the name of the young Marcellus is introduced. One of the last commissions which she executed was for Pius VI. towards the close of 1790, for the chapel of Loretto. The subject was the Virgin in her infancy, pouring some water from a little vessel upon a young lily, and her face turned towards heaven contemplating a ray of light descending on her head, while her parents surprized, seem to offer their pious thanks to God. It was afterwards executed in Mosaic for the church of Loretto. She also executed portraits, as large as life, of some of the family of Holstein Beck, and that of Zamoisky in Poland. These pictures were afterwards engraved by the celebrated Morghen. In 1795, Mrs. Kauffman, for she was fond of retaining the family name, lost her husband, after having been married to him twenty-four years. Nothing that she did after this period could be brought into competition with her earlier productions. At the entrance of the French into Rome in 1798, being employed for some persons in England, the works then in her hands were seized as English property! Not even the studies of the artists, said she, in a letter to a friend of hers in London, are excepted.

The above mentioned pictures were amongst the few I had in my possession, and as a certain gentleman known to Lady ****** was engaged in managing this affair, and paid some money, (this is the grand arcanum) though not a great sum to rescue them, I find he makes some difficulty in letting them be forwarded without a reimbursement. In another letter, dated Oct. 1799, she says, "I have suffered nothing in my person, (she was then between fifty and sixty years of age) but there was no want of other distresses of all kinds, and the prospect was gloomy beyond expression. Perhaps, in time, affairs will be settled again in regard to the public funds, but this whole state has been plundered of all that is valuable in every branch."

Maria Angelica Kauffman was of a middle size and well proportioned, with a round face, bright eyes, and expressive countenance. In her youth she had been reckoned excessively handsome, and she preserved to the last a cheerful and prepossessing look. Her moral character was irreproachable; and, having no children, her fortune, at least a part of it, was assigned to a religious institution at Coire, her birth-place. During the three weeks of the illness which preceded her decease, she received the sacraments according to the ritual of the Catholic church. She was buried with solemn pomp in her parish church of St. Andrew Delle Fratti. The funeral ceremony was chiefly conducted by Canova the sculptor, and attended by all the academicians and literary corporations.

The late Captain CONWAY SHIPLEY *(whose death we noticed in p. 464 of our last)* was the second surviving son of the Rev. W. D. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph. He entered into the naval profession at a very tender age, in the year 1793, under the protection of the Hon. Thomas Pakenham, in the Invincible, of 74 guns, and displayed (in that ship, during the ever-memorable action of the 1st of June 1794) traits of courage rarely to be met with. He served the remainder of his time as midshipman, with Sir R. Barlow, in the Phœbe frigate, and was made lieutenant in 1800. Our limits will not permit us to enter into every circumstance attendant upon the career of this excellent young man, but the ample testimonies of the two Officers above-mentioned are at hand to do justice to his memory.

He was made a Post-Captain in 1804, by Sir Samuel Hood at Surinam; his commission, however, was dated previously in England, as a reward for his gallantry in the capture of l'Egyptienne French frigate privateer, of 36 guns, Capt. Shipley then commanding the Hippomenes of 18. The privateer had some days previously been engaged by the Osprey sloop, commanded by the late Capt. George Younghusband, and in consequence made but a faint resistance: that did not lessen the credit due to Captain Shipley, who, in a corvette with only 93 men, 36 of whom were foreigners, attacked a frigate with a complement not far short of 300. But his letter upon the subject to Sir S. Hood will ever be preserved as a memento of modest merit: without attaching the least praise to himself, he delineated the heroism of Captain Younghusband and his crew in such colours as must have drawn admiration from every peruser.

Upon Sir Samuel Hood being appointed commander of a squadron, in the winter of 1806, he applied for Captain Shipley's vessel, the Comus of 20 guns, to accompany him. A stronger proof of the esteem that gallant officer held the deceased in could not be adduced, the Comus being far from a desirable ship for an expedition; but Sir Samuel has long been known as the recognizer of merit, and to be patronized by him will at once stamp the character of an officer, be his situation high or low. Captain Conway Shipley was a native of Flintshire, in North Wales, in the 26th year of his age, tall and graceful in his person, firm in his attachments, an invaluable friend, and most engaging in his manners. Perhaps there never existed an individual who more eminently possessed the power of inspiring all he commanded with sentiments similar to his own: what those sentiments were, his life short, alas! as it was, and his glorious fall, have revealed.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LITERARY FUND.—Every friend of literature, who can duly appreciate the importance of rescuing genius and learning from the degradation and miseries of penury and neglect, must feel a very sincere gratification in observing the uniformly increasing and distinguished patronage that continues to mark the progress of the Literary Fund. The members of that excellent and most interesting institution have lately dined, according to annual custom, at the Ship Tavern, Greenwich: and the festive day was celebrated with unusual splendour, for which the society were much indebted to the Lord Mayor, who, in the handsomest manner, invited the president, vice-presidents, council, and committee to accompany him on board the magnificent state-barge. On the company's arrival at the Ship Tavern, his Grace the Duke of Somerset took the chair, and was supported by the Earl of Radnor, the Earl of Mountnorris, Viscount Valentia, the Lord Mayor, and a number of other public characters, equally distinguished by their benevolence, urbanity, and regard to literary merit. Mr. Fitzgerald gratified the company, by reciting two poetical addresses written by him for anniversaries of this society, both of which were received with the attention and applause that always attend this gentleman's benevolent and impressive elocution. A beautiful poem, written by Dr. Symmons, on the purposes of the institution, was also recited by Mr. Browne with great taste and effect, and added much to the pleasure of the day. After dinner, the King's health was given, and the Prince of Wales, the patron of the Literary Fund, both which toasts were received with unbounded applause, the band playing "God save the King." The Lord Mayor's health was drank with much enthusiasm, his lordship having long been a zealous friend and vice-president of the fund

Deaths in and near London.

At the deanery, Bocking, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Charles Aynsley, only brother of his grace the Duke of Athol.

At Kentish Town, Mr. J. Purser, comedian, of Drury-lane theatre.

At his son's house, at Camden Town, aged 60, Mr. Russel, father of Mr. R. comedian, of Drury-lane theatre.

At his son's house, in James's-street, Buckingham Gate, Edmund Ayrton, musical doctor, gentleman of his Majesty's chapels forty-four years, and vicar-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

Suddenly, in a fit, while walking from Chelsea, Mr. Joseph Cooper, during some years a printer of eminence. Many splendid volumes were produced inostentatiously from his press before fine printing became so very prevalent. Though he abounded with the milk of human kindness, his attachment to theatrical amusements and good company exceeded his means. He also failed in a speculation for making a superior kind of printing ink. However, the decline of his life was made comfortable by the friendship of Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley, who found him a valuable assistant in their counting-house. Mr. Cooper, it is understood, had once provided for some relatives of his in the East Indies, in hopes of a princely return, which he never received.

At Richmond, Sir John Day, late advocate-general at Bengal.

At his house, in High-street, Mary-le-bone, Alexander Dalrymple, Esq. whose incessant labours for half a century past had obtained him the reputation of a pre-eminence beyond that of every competitor in the important science of hydrography. Mr. D. was dismissed from his situation as hydrographer to the British navy on the 28th of May last, a circumstance which, according to his medical attendants, occasioned that vexation which terminated in his death. He has left behind him a paper explanatory of that transaction. Mr. D. was in the 71st year of his age.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

AMERICA.

Among other measures proposed to wean America from her dependence on the mother country, and to render

her a most important service, a duty of 9d. a pound on raw cotton, and of 2s. 6d. a bushel on salt, it appears, was proposed to be levied at the period of the last advices. As, say these letters, we have abundant salt springs in the back country, in New York State, in Erie county, Pennsylvania, in Kentucky, and Tennessee, these English duties, by securing to us our own market against foreign competition, will at the same time encourage the manufacture of our own salt, and the spirit for improving roads will give us this great natural store from the heart of our own soil, and carry through the avenues of an extensive society, the active circulation of our own capital, enrich our own industry, and add to our resources, and our good fortune, which in this, and so many instances, has been promoted by the infatuation of foreign nations. The spinning of American cotton has already commenced upon a liberal scale in domestic life; the citizens of the interior, whose eyes and ears have not been closed against the admission of truth and timely warning, have, in various parts of the country, begun to provide against the rainy day.

An intelligent gentleman, who has opportunities of knowing, states, that in Lancaster county the Dutch girls have already begun to spin cotton at their leisure hours from other duties; and that it has become a fashion among the farmers in that and the adjoining counties to keep the spinning-wheel going. The same gentleman had a piece of as fine linen, of thirty-eight yards, as ever came from an Irish loom, manufactured from the flax spun by the young ladies in his family during the winter.

In the industrious state of Jersey, domestic manufactures are more in use for apparel of every kind than was ever known.

In a very short time the American people will find it to be their interest and their duty to determine to wear domestic manufactures altogether; perhaps it is too soon at present, but the time cannot be very long when it will be indispensable.

A premium is about to be offered for the best piece of woollen cloth, of American manufacture, to be produced at a given time, at the Domestic Manufacturer's Warehouse. We expect to see the premium advertised in a few days.

FLORENCE.

Dissolution of Italian Monasteries.

M. Reuilly, the prefect, has sent the following instructions to all the constituted authorities of Tuscany:—

"The principles of a wise government demand an union of all the cloisters in the whole of Tuscany. The priests who dwell in them are not to be driven out of them; but a number of them are to be collected into several cloisters, where they may live according to their prescribed rules. Those who are not natives of Tuscany, and have not spent ten years in a Tuscan cloister, are to return to their native country. All of both sexes who have laid aside their monastic vows are to enjoy a pension of 500 francs during their several lives; those who are more than sixty years of age are to receive 600 francs; the lay-brothers and sisters are to be allowed 250 francs; and those who are already sixty years of age, 300 francs."

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The New South Wales papers, of April 1807, have been received. The snow Commerce had arrived there from the Penantipode, after having touched at that part of the coast of New Zealand, governed by Tippahee, who some time before had visited New South Wales, where he was presented with a variety of seeds, and some samples of grain, particularly maize, or Indian corn. This he had sown on his return to New Zealand, and was gratified by the prospect of an excellent return. Unfortunately, however, a horde of his discontented subjects fell upon his little corn field, when the cob had about three parts filled, and in one night devoured every grain. Opposing perseverance to this first mischance, he applied his whole reserved stock to the designs of agriculture, and had succeeded to his wish. He had previously planted a single potatoe he had received at New South Wales, in a secret place, and had succeeded in rearing a succession of crops, until he obtained such an increase of this useful article, as

rendered him able to supply his subjects with a sufficient quantity for seed. The above paper states, that the last arrivals had a wonderful effect upon the price of tea, which, in two days, had experienced a decrease of seven shillings in the price of a single ounce. It is not stated what the price had actually been.

ROME.

A Decree, issued here, dated May 21, beginning, Napoleon, by the Grace of God, &c. proceeds, Considering that the present sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to declare war against the English, and to co-operate with the kingdoms of Italy and Naples for the protection of the Italian peninsula. &c. *the provinces of the papal territory are united to the kingdom of Italy*, &c. The decree further observed, that the interest of the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples required that their communication should be interrupted by no hostile power; that the gift of the lands which compose the ecclesiastical states, by our illustrious predecessor Charlemagne, was made for the benefit of Christendom, but not for the succour of the enemies of our holy religion, &c. All cardinals, prelates, and other officers of the Romish court, born in the kingdom of Italy, must therefore retire to their place of birth before the 5th of June, on pain of forfeiting their goods.

The Pope for the present, it is understood, is to reside at Turin.

RUSSIA.

Frontiers, May 18.—The execution of the long projected expedition to India is now spoken of with the greatest confidence. The corps of Marshal Davoust, it is said, will be assembled immediately at Astracan, where a Russian army is to join it. An army is prepared to co-operate with those in Persia, and to advance with them against the British settlements in India.

SPAIN.

The *Moniteur* reports the following as the answer given by the Governor of Cadiz to Admiral Purvis:—"We do not want your interference. If we have any dispute with the French, that is nothing to you. Whatever may be the differences between us, they are only family affairs. You wish to destroy the barracks, and to capture the Spanish and French fleets; that would indeed be a *fine catch* for you, and you would doubtless be grievously offended if you thought we were not ready for you. We have 15,000 men in the camp of St. Roch, and an equal number here; General Solano is on his way here with his division, and the French General Dupont enters Seville with 30,000 men."

The following proclamation appeared at Madrid on June 3d:—

"Napoleon, Emperor of the French, &c.

"Spaniards! After a long lingering disease, your nation sunk into decay. I have seen your sufferings; I will relieve them. Your greatness makes a part of mine.

"Your Princes have ceded to me all their rights to the Spanish crown. I will not reign over your provinces, but I will acquire an eternal right to the love and gratitude of your posterity

"Your monarchy is old; it must be renovated, that you may enjoy the blessings of a renovation, which shall not be purchased by civil war or desolation.

"Spaniards! I have convened a General Assembly of the deputies of your provinces and towns, that I may know your desires and wants.

"I shall lay down my rights, and place your illustrious crown upon the head of one who resembles me; securing you a constitution, which will unite the salutary power of the sovereign with the liberties and rights of the Spanish nation. It is my will, that my memory shall be blessed by your latest posterity, and that they shall say—'*He was the restorer of our country.*"

"Given at Bayonne, 25th May, 1808."

Joseph Napoleon, King of Italy, arrived at Bayonne on the 10th instant, where he was received with all the honours due to a sovereign.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

WOBURN SHEEP SHEARING commenced on Monday, June 13, with a shew of Leicester tups for sale, and South Down for letting; shew of Devon and Hereford cattle. In the evening there was a sale of South Down ewes and Leicester theaves.

On Tuesday morning, those Gentlemen assembled to be present at the Sheep Shearing, who were members of the Smithfield Club, held a meeting at Woburn Abbey. His Grace the Duke of Bedford in the Chair. This meeting adjourned at 11 o'clock, and a very numerous company of Agriculturists proceeded to Crawley Heath Farm, to a ploughing match, for a silver cup, value five guineas, to be given by the Duke of Bedford to the proprietor of the successful plough, and two guineas to the plough holder. At 12 o'clock 5 ploughs started.

No. 1.—Belonging to the Duke of Bedford, a Northumberland plough. Ploughman, John Green.

No. 2.—John Foster, Esq. Bedford, Leicestershire plough, held by Henry Smith.

No. 3.—The Duke of Bedford's Norfolk plough Ploughman, John Cole.

No. 4.—William Barlow's of Ridgemont, improved Bedfordshire plough, held by himself.

No. 5.—Mr. James Hopkins Oliver, Dunstable, Leicestershire plough. Ploughman, Thomas Summerfield.

The ploughing was ended about two o'clock, but the decision of the Judges was not to be delivered till the next day.

The company then returned to the Park Farm, and attended at the Judges' examination of the Prize Theaves, and Long and Short-Woolled Sheep. This business employed them until three o'clock, when they repaired to the Abbey to dinner.

After the cloth was drawn, the following toasts were drank with the greatest applause—The King.—The Queen and Royal Family.—Mr. Coke.

Lord Somerville then rose, and presented to the Duke a large silver salver, from the Agriculturists of Great Britain. This elegant piece of plate weighed four hundred ounces, and was about eighteen inches by two feet in size, its border was decorated with embossed figures, emblematical of agriculture, in the centre was the Bedford arms, superbly engraved, with this inscription—

"To his Grace John, Duke of Bedford, from the Agriculturists of Great Britain, Anno Domini, 1807."

Lord Somerville, in his speech, stated, that it was purchased by the subscriptions of the agriculturists of the United Kingdom, and presented to his Grace as a testimony of their sincere esteem and gratitude for the many hospitable entertainments at Woburn Abbey.

His Grace returned his thanks in a most elegant and animated speech.

The health of the Duke of Bedford was drank, with three times three. "Mr. Westcar, and success to good grazing." "The Marquis of Tavistock," with three cheers.

Wednesday, June 15.—The morning was employed by the company assembled at the Park Farm, Woburn, in viewing the Stock for sale in the evening, and in inspecting the agricultural implements which were placed in the rick-yard. These were, a patent thrashing mill, worked by four horses, exhibited by Mr. Lister, and a patent straw-cutter. Another portable thrashing mill, worked by two horses, to be erected in the field, if necessary, exhibited by Mr. Shepherd, Woburn; as also a straw-cutter, worked by the same horses. These two last machines were the invention of Mr. Robert Salmon; and similar ones were exhibited, and obtained the Prize, at former sheep shearings, the thrashing mill having being improved by Mr. J. Shepherd. A clover thrashing machine, shewn by Mr. Wainwright; a straw-cutter, on the same principle as Mr. Shepherd's, but of a smaller size, by Mr. Pasmore; and a small machine for bruising oats, by the same gentleman. Mr. Bachelor and two brothers brought a drill-machine for sowing wheat or other seeds. Mr. R. Salmon exhibited a machine, on a new principle, for reaping corn. Mr. Evans shewed a double-barrelled force-pump garden-engine; a man-trap, invented by Sir Theophilus Biddulph, which, by means of a chain, detained the offender, without any material injury. Mr. Robert Bowman, of Dundee,

shewed specimens of netting and chair bottoms, formed of shreds of whalebone, and which he proposes to supersede the use of hemp, for nets for sheep-folds, and other purposes.—A most respectable company of gentlemen and mechanics attended this exhibition, and seemed highly gratified by the ingenuity of the several inventors and which, we hope, was rewarded by the orders they took.

At three o'clock the Gentlemen attended the dinner, at the Abbey.

The Duke of Bedford proceeded to adjudge the Prizes which he had offered last year, viz.

1st. For the best two-shear long-woolled fat wethers, a silver cup, 10 guineas value, to Mr. John Barton.

2d. Another similar premium (but confined to Bedfordshire) to Mr. Edward Platt, a cup, 5 guineas value

3d. For the best two-shear short-woolled fat wether, a cup, 10 guineas, to Mr. Robert Trevor.

4th. Ditto ditto, bred in Bedfordshire, a cup, value 5 guineas, to Mr. Runciman.

5th. For the best pen of three long-woolled theaves, a cup, 10 guineas, to Mr. John Buttfield.

6th. Ditto ditto, second best, a cup, 5 guineas, to Mr. John Cowley.

7th. For the best pen of three short-woolled theaves, a cup, 10 guineas, to Mr. Trevor.

8th. For the second ditto ditto, a cup of 5 guineas value, to Mr Runciman.

9th. For the best boar, a cup, 5 guineas, to Lord Ossory.

10th. For the best sheep-shearer, 5 guineas, to Job Arnold.

11th. Second best ditto, 4 guineas, to Thomas Lumel.

12th. Third best ditto, 3 guineas, to John Bollard.

13th. Fourth best ditto, 2 guineas, to John Swannel.

14th. Fifth best do. 1 guinea, to Joseph Collins.

15. This premium was offered for the best newly-invented implement. In the judge's report of this article, it was stated that no machine had been produced whose merit was so conspicuous as to deserve the distinction a premium would confer. A reaping machine of Mr. Salmon, and a clover thrashing machine, were considered as ingenious, but not having been tried, were not entitled to the premium. But to encourage the exhibition of implements, they recommended the premium of 20 guineas to be divided as follows:—To Mr. Pasmore, for his chaff cutter and bean splitter, 3 guineas; Mr. Shepherd, for a frame applied to Mr. Salmon's thrashing machine, to allow its erection in the field; Mr. Bachelor's improvement of a drill machine of Mr Salmon's, which gained a premium some years ago, 5 guineas; Mr. Bowman, 7 guineas, for his whalebone, as a substitute, in some cases, for hemp.

16. For the best plough, a cup, 10 gs. to Mr. Andrew Wilson, his Grace's bailiff, and 2 gs. to John Green, the plough-holder.

17. For experiments on drill and broad cast husbandry This could not be adjudged until after harvest. The two candidates were Mr Wm. Runciman and Mr Cowley

18. Premium for shepherds:—to John Clark, shepherd to Mr. Whitbread, 5 gs. for raising 265 lambs from 220 ewes.—John Holland, the Duke of Bedford's shepherd, 4 gs. for rearing 694 lambs from 600 ewes.—W. Sharman, Mr Runciman's shepherd, 5 gs. for rearing 228 lambs from 218 ewes.

The last premium was for irrigation, which his Grace much regretted was unclaimed.

The Duke now concluded by an elegant speech, in which he thanked the gentlemen present for their attendance, and hoped they would favour him with their company the next year.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The following account is given by the gardener of the Rev. Dr. Drake, of Amersham, respecting the extraordinary produce of a single grain of wheat in that gentleman's garden.—"On the 1st of August, I sowed, or rather set, a single grain of red wheat; and, in the latter end of September, when the plant had tillered, I took it up, and slipped or divided it into four sets or slips. Those four sets I planted, and they grew and tillered as well as the first. In the end of November I took them up a second time, and made thirty-six plants or sets. These I again planted, which grew till March, in which month I, a third time, took up my plants, and divided them into 256 plants or sets. For the remaining part of the summer, till the month of August, they had nothing done to them, except hoeing the ground clean from the weeds, till the corn was ripe. When it was gathered, I had the ears counted, or numbered, and they were 3,511; a great part of which proved as good grain as ever grew out of the earth. Many of the ears measured six inches in length, some very middling grains, some very light and thin.—This was the reason I did not number

the grains; but there was better than half a bushel of corn in the whole produce of this one grain of wheat in one year." Would not this practice (spring planting) be of great use where the crops miss by various accidents incident to farming?

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Died.] At Chesterton, near Cambridge, aged 75, Mrs. Robinson, relict of the Rev. Robert Robertson, the celebrated Nonconformist Clergyman. She was a woman worthy of being the companion of a man who, by his writings in favour of civil and religious liberty, in which we see wit, fancy, and learning, paying homage to humanity, has erected a monument to his memory, which can only perish with the English language, the language of free men.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

A most elegant silver vase has been presented by a numerous body of the freeholders of Hertfordshire, to their late representative William Plumer, Esq. at Gilston-park. The vase will contain seven gallons, and is richly chased, on each side, with trophies emblematical of the Constitution; groupes of female figures, Liberty, with Commerce, Agriculture, Science, Navigation, &c. &c. and on each side a tablet, bearing the following inscriptions:—

"To Wm. Plumer, Esq. who in eight successive parliaments was invariably distinguished by his unremitting attention to the interests of his constituents, by his zealous support of the genuine principles of civil and religious liberty, and by his consistent opposition to every encroachment on the just rights of the people, this permanent testimony of their regard is presented by a numerous body of independent freeholders, his sincere and grateful friends. 1808.——*Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores.*"

"Wm. Plumer, Esq. was first unanimously elected representative of the county of Hertford, March 28, 1768, and though in the seven succeeding parliaments he was engaged in five severe contests, yet it may be truly said of him, he never experienced any opposition, such were the great and unexampled majorities by which he was placed at the head of each poll. On the dissolution of parliament in 1807, having served his country faithfully and honestly for the full period of 30 years, he voluntarily resigned, and received (prime object of his ambition) the unanimous thanks of his constituents."

KENT.

Married.] Mr. John Hollingworth, son of Finch Hollingworth, Esq. of Boxley, Kent, to Miss Winter, only daughter of Joseph Winter, Esq. of Maidstone.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Corporation of Stamford, with a very laudable attention to the convenience of the public, have removed a long-complained-of nuisance from one of the principal streets, and completed a structure for the sale of fish, poultry, butter, eggs, &c. at the expense of several thousand pounds, which for convenience, cleanliness, and elegance, it is said, may vie with any in the kingdom.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] Mr. Robert Wooton, of Nottingham. He was known by the appellation of the "Steeple Climber," having being famous for repairing spire steeples, without the use of scaffolding. In this dangerous undertaking he used only ladders, hooks, and belts. In 1789, he repaired St. Peter's steeple, Nottingham; and, after having finished it, he beat a drum round the top of it, and drank a bottle of Nottingham ale there, in the presence of thousands of spectators.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Died.] At Seaton Delaval, the Right Hon. John Lord Delaval, at an advanced age. The general benevolence of his lordship's disposition will cause his loss to be severely felt. His lordship is succeeded in his estates, which are very large, in Northumberland, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, by Sir Jacob Astley, member for Norfolk. His lordship's remains were removed from Seaton Delaval, and interred in the family vault, at St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

NORFOLK.

Licensed Preachers.—At the Sessions lately holden for the city of Norwich, W. Spurgeon and J. Vernon requested permission to qualify themselves as licensed preachers of the Gospel to Protestant Dissenters. The Recorder said, it was necessary that those making this application should, previously, by a congregation formed for that purpose, have been elected their minister, and bring a proper certificate of their ability to fill such an important situation, and shewing that

where they intended to preach were *licensed* places of worship, and none of these circumstances appearing to have occurred, he was satisfied the court could not legally administer the oaths according to the last Act of Parliament, the 19th of George the Third. Besides, added the Recorder, in these eventful times, when so many burthens are necessarily imposed on us, we should be particularly cautious in granting qualifications, being first convinced those soliciting such rights are proper and duly-qualified applicants. For the exemptions which these persons claim might induce many, with not very conscientious motives to avail themselves of these means, not to contribute their equal share to the exigencies of the state, and although, said he, I do not allude in the slightest manner to this case, yet for the reasons I have previously stated, the present request cannot now be complied with. The applicants asked—"If we first preach to shew to our congregation we are qualified to fill the situation to which we aspire, and to bring *their testimony* of our ability to discharge our duty, are we not liable to have an information laid because we have so acted, not *previously* having obtained *your authority?*"—"How are we to act?"—"In such a case I conceive no magistrate would convict you—pursue the regular course, and then apply."—"Are we to consider this as a refused case?" "Yes, and if you deem that refusal improper, you can move for a *Mandamus*."

Died.] Of an apoplectic fit, in his 68th year, Sir Roger Kerrison, Knt. many years an eminent banker, of Norwich. He was Receiver-General for Norfolk, to which situation he was appointed in 1779; he was an active magistrate for the county, and an alderman of Mancroft ward He served the office of high sheriff in 1800; was twice mayor of Norwich, viz. in 1778 and 1802; and is said to have died intestate.——At Burnham Sutton, in this county, in the 56th year of his age, that celebrated agriculturist, Mr. Robert Overman: leaving a widow and sixteen children to deplore the loss of a most exemplary husband and father, and society at large one of its most useful members.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A school on the economical plan of Mr. Lancaster is about to be established in Bristol, a room having been already hired, which is now fitting up for the reception of about 300 boys, 80 of whom will be drafted from the benevolent schools, which confer so much honour on some truly generous ladies of that city. The voluntary subscription, at Barry's, contains the names of annual subscribers, and gratuitous donations, to an amount that already renders the establishment secure: among others, 50l. besides ten guineas per annum, from the Royal bounty. Twenty-six of the most respectable inhabitants have placed their names in the committee.

The late ploughing match, appointed by the Bath Agricultural Society, took place near Hunter's Hall. None but the Beverston ploughs were entered. The two horses ploughed half an acre in two hours and twenty-eight minutes. That drawn by two oxen obtained the chief prize; they ploughed their half acre in a very superior style, in three hours and fourteen minutes, making six furrows (about a mile in the whole) more than either competitor. The team belonged to Mr. Hayward, of Beverston. At the dinner at Hunter's Hall C. Gordon Gray, Esq. in the chair, a bet was made by Lewin Tugwell, Esq. with Mr. White, that he would plough, at a depth almost a third more than is the provincial custom, in a neat and effectual manner, an acre of a two-years ley, in five hours, with a single horse. Amidst a large concourse of spectators, almost unanimously pronouncing the feat impossible, the horse began his work, and at the end of 4 hours and 35 minutes completed the whole, to the satisfaction of all present: and so far from being exhausted thereby, or exhibiting the least symptom of distress, he afterwards, and in continuation, ploughed a surplus of furrow of 3-8ths of a mile in length, with apparently equal ease, in 5-6ths of the average of time employed through the whole. As he moved on a line of draught he had not been used to, and to prevent his being baffled by a surrounding concourse, a person was allowed to lead him; but no driver,

whip, or other flagellum was found necessary, or employed during the performance.

Mr. J. Lackington, the late bookseller, is erecting a new chapel at Taunton, upon which is the following inscription:—"This chapel was begun in June 1808, at the sole expense of James Lackington, a local preacher among the methodists."

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Cookhill, in the parish of Inkberrow, Worcestershire, in the 87th year of his age, John Fortescue, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy; the oldest officer on the superannuated list, and probably the *last* survivor of the memorable crew of the Centurion, who accompanied Lord Anson in his celebrated voyage round the world.

YORKSHIRE.

Died.] Aged 54, Mr. Edward Bennington, one of the lay-choristers of this cathedral, and the oldest member of the church; he having been first admitted as a singing-boy at 10 years of age. Mr. Bennington was well known and justly-esteemed for his fine *tenor-bass* voice. In early life he was a protegée of the late precentor and poet, Mr. Mason, who entertained a high sense of his superior talents as a singer In him the church of York is deprived of the main prop and pillar of its choir, and the lovers of cathedral-music in this city feel the loss of talents ably exerted in the noblest part of divine service. Mr. Bennington had many opportunities, in the course of his life, of bettering his fortune, by a removal to other cathedrals; but his veneration for St. Peter's of York, always inclined him to remain a denizen of our far-famed minister.

At Doncaster, aged 85, Mr. William Lambert. He had formerly carried on the business of a wheelwright, and having acquired an independent property, retired several years ago. For some time past, under an impression that he might live to want, he became so penurious as to deny himself the common necessaries of life, and would not allow any one to reside in the house with him. He latterly subsisted chiefly on fish, which he was accustomed to purchase and to cook himself, in small pieces, as he wanted it, frequently keeping it till the smell became quite offensive to the neighbourhood; and water was his constant beverage. He lived in the most filthy situation, the advice of relatives to a more orderly state availing nothing; and he must have long ago been entirely lost had it not been for the civil attention of a neighbour, whose care over him will not, we hope, pass unrewarded by those who succeed to his property. He was a constant attendant at church, and almost crawled there the last time. His face and hands were black with dirt, and to any one sitting near him he was quite obnoxious. His wretched career terminated the following afternoon, when he was found dead in his chair.

WALES.

At length it seems that instead of improving the port of Holyhead, a new harbour is to be constructed at Porthdynlein in Carnarvonshire. The distance from London to Porthdynlein is only 254 miles, consequently 27 miles less than to Holyhead; being, to Shrewsbury, 162, and from thence to Porthdynlein, 92 more, without the intervention of any ferry, river, or arm of the sea. The road from Shrewsbury is through Llangollen, Corwen, Capel Voclas, Bethgellert, Pullheli, and Nevin. Porthdynlein lies about three miles from the town of Nevin, in a beautiful part of Carnarvonshire, open to the Irish Sea, yet protected by Anglesea from the north-west winds, and possessing a great depth of water, as well as many advantages above the harbour of Holyhead. If we did not know by experience how slowly nations and governments are induced to quit the beaten path of abuses, and to adopt a better system, we might justly wonder at our having been so long insensible to the superiority which Porthdynlein possesses over Holyhead.

Died.] At Llanvon, near Aberystwith, Jeremiah Davies, the Welsh dwarf, aged 58, measuring only forty-six inches in height; his person was the perfection of symmetry, which is rarely found in a dwarf. Great part of his time was spent in London, where he was well known, and to which place he intended to have walked the ensuing week.

IRELAND.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.—A new Order of Saints have instituted what they call the *Hibernian Society*, in London;

the object of which is to convert the catholics of Ireland, and they are now soliciting subscriptions "to establish schools, circulate the Holy Scriptures, and propagate truth and the protestant religion among the lower classes of that benighted people." We should rejoice to see schools universally instituted throughout Ireland, as the sure means of softening the manners, and inculcating the industry of the people—but this society in its outset betrays its *puritanical* spirit. It laments the dreadful increase of the catholics over the protestants of Ireland. There are now 4,400,000 catholics to 1,000,000 protestants; whereas, in 1731, the proportion was not two to one. And, *through ignorance and neglect*, there has happened this great falling away of protestants. To repine at the general increase of population in the sister kingdom is not very patriotic, and to ascribe the increase of popery to the *ignorance and neglect* of the established church is not very civil to its members.

In fact these *proselytizing* societies are not more favourable to the church of England than they are to the church of Rome. They know well that the difference between *papacy* and *prelacy* is so inconsiderable, that nothing prevents an intimate harmony between them but persecution. We are sure that the church of England is in more danger from the *sectaries*, who are moved by the evangelical spirit, and by inward light, to wage war with all rational piety, than it is from the fopperies of the church of Rome. How beautifully and how briefly does Mr. Fox, in the following passage, delineate true religion—"But his religion was of that genuine kind, which, by representing the performance of our duties to our neighbours, as the most acceptable service to God, *strengthens all the charities of social life*."—Oh! for a sect that would inculcate only this truth!

At the late Quarter Assembly of the Corporation of Dublin, a resolution against the Union was carried by a majority of 17. The numbers being, for it 49, minority 32. Another Dublin Corporation, *The Smiths*, has published resolutions against the Union, in which the Smiths unanimously declare,—

"That, from the decay of trade, and the increase of taxes, both general and local, they are convinced that the utmost exertions of the most industrious will not much longer enable them to bear up against the pressure of the daily accumulating distress, occasioned by that measure.

"That all experience, both ancient and modern, shews that an impoverished and discontented people, instead of being the strength of an empire, become its weakness, and they are morally certain, that without a repeal of the above measure, it will be impossible to support the burden necessary to terminate the arduous struggle in which we are engaged, with advantage to ourselves, and honour to our beloved Sovereign."

Died.] In the Sheriff's Prison, Dublin, on the 14th ult. R. M'Gregor, taylor, after a long confinement, for a bill of costs for five pounds! This truly unfortunate man worked at his trade all the winter on the cold flags in the most lamentable situation, to endeavour to support a wife and helpless family, until rendered incapable by the disease which caused his dissolution—a disease occasioned by the wretchedness of his state in prison, and the want of common necessaries of life.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Captain Bettesworth, of the Tartar frigate, after sustaining a very gallant action off Bergen, on the 16th of May. It appears that the frigate was lying off that place on the 16th inst. watching the motions of some Danish vessels, when it was deemed possible to cut some of them out by means of the ships' boats. They accordingly proceeded under the direction of Mr. Sykes, the first lieutenant, when four Danish gun-boats and a schooner made a sudden and unexpected attack upon her. The action continued upwards of an hour, during which time Lieutenant Sykes succeeded in capturing one of the boats, but was compelled to relinquish his prize. By the very first shot the captain was unfortunately killed, while in the act of firing off one of the guns. Mr. Fitzhugh, a midshipman, and several of the crew, were also slain. The enemy, how-

ever, had reason to repent of their attack, for one of their vessels was sunk, and the remainder dispersed, having sustained considerable damage. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be great in killed and wounded. —Captain Bettesworth had often distinguished himself by his gallant conduct on former occasions; particularly on the 4th of February, 1804, while lieutenant of the *Centaur*, with Sir Samuel Hood. In conjunction with Lieutenant R. C. Reynolds, of the same ship, he boarded and cut out from under Fort Edward, Martinque, *Le Curieux* of 16 guns. In this enterprize Lieutenant Reynolds was killed, and his gallant companion so dreadfully cut and shot in various parts, that his recovery was sometime extremely doubtful. For this achievement he was promoted to the rank of commander, and to the command of the vessel he had so gallantly captured. He remained in the West Indies, capturing the enemy's cruizers, until the arrival of Lord Nelson in quest of the Toulon fleet. He was the officer who, when commander of the *Curieux* brig, brought the dispatches from Lord Nelson, when in pursuit of the combined fleet in the West Indies, in 1805; on which occasion he was promoted to the rank of post captain. Captain Bettesworth was lately married to Lady Hannah Grey, sister to Earl Grey, and had just fitted out the frigate in which he has so prematurely lost his valuable life. Aged 28 years.

At Koningsberg, Professor Kraus, a friend, and many years particularly intimate with the celebrated M. Kant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

MAY 23, to JUNE 21, 1808, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]-----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ANNIST. Southend, miller, (Williams, Staple-Inn).

Brown W. King-street, grocer, (Bolton, and Co. Lawrence-Poultney-hill). Bell J. Southwood-lane, Highgate, underwriter, (Jackson, Garden-court). Bullen R. Weymouth, butcher, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). Biddell E. Ratcliffe-cross, haberdasher, (Payne, Basinghall-street). Beaton E. and H. Portsmouth, butchers, (Callaway, Portsmouth). Bucknall J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, liquor-merchant, (Whalley, Staple-Inn).

Cocking J. Golgate, hatter, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Cohen M. Devonshire-street, broker, (Mills, Ely-place). Crump Thos. Westminster-road, tinman, (Mangnall, Warwick-square). Canne W. Otley, York, stationer, (Edmunds, Exchequer-office).

Dawson J. Aldgate, linen-draper, (Nind, Great Prescot-street). Danson G. and Walmsley J. Liverpool, (Windle, John-street). Dunn J. and Robinson C. Wood-street, factors, (Rigby, Crown-office-row). Dearing T. and Foster M. Litchfield-street, hotel-keepers, (Oakley, Martin's-lane). Delany J. Liverpool, draper, (Meddowcrowft and Co. Gray's-Inn). Dods J. Commercial Chamber, Minories, insurance-broker, (Allan, Frederick's-place). Dunn T. Bristol, salesman, (Price and Co. Lincoln's Inn).

Evans J. Cardigan, linen draper, (Ellis, Hatton-garden).

Falconer J. Bernard-street, (Mayhew, Symond's-Inn).

Gill J. Bisley, Gloucestershire, clothier, (Evans, Thavies-Inn). Gore W. Aldgate, warehouseman, (Courteen, College-hill). Gill H. Spitalfields-market, victualler, (Rivington, Fenchurch-street-buildings).

Harsnet S. Manchester, leather-seller, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Haynes T. Gloucester, pin-manufacturer, (Jenkins and Co. New Inn). Hinse C. Little Castle-street, tailor, (Freame, Great Queen-street). Harrison J. Eller-Carr, Bingley, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner, (Exley and Co. Furnival's Inn). Hugman B. Battersea, fellmonger, (Broad, Union-street). Humper J. Stone's End, shopkeeper, (Field, Friday-street). Hirst J. Suffolk-lane, broker, (Sudlow, Monument-yard) Hunt E. Duke's-row, Pimlico, painter, (Greenwood, Manchester-street). Hallett W. Hereford, cordwainer, (Chilton, Exchequer-office). Heseltine B. Beech-street, oil-merchant, (Hindman, Dyer's-court). Houghton W. Liverpool, merchant, (Wiudle, John-street, Bedford-row).

Itter A. & Holding J. Wentworth street, sugar-refiners, (Rutson, Wellclose-square). Jones P. Norfolk-row, Lambeth, hawker, (Keene, Furnival's-Inn).

Kenifeck P. Bristol, merchant, (Smith, Bristol).

Lomas J. sen. Lomas J. jun. and Lomas J. H. Leicester, woolstaplers, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane). Lee J. Islington, timber-merchant, (Jackson, Hatton-garden). Lee S. Bradford, cotton-manufacturer, (Edge, King's-Bench-walks). Lowe W. Drury-lane, cabinet-maker, (Needd and Co. Norfolk-street).

Millington J. and J. Houndsditch, glaziers, (Rooke, Armourers'-Hall, Coleman-street) Middleton T. Battle-bridge, blue-manufacturer, (Huckett, Chancery-lane). Moss J. Kingston-upon-Hull, boat-builder, (Evans, Thavies-Inn). Morris E. Carmarthen, inn-keeper, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Moses M. Rosemary-lane, salesman, (Isaacs, Mitre-court).

Nelson J. Leeds, woolstapler, (Wilson, Greville-street). Nainby C. Great Grimsby, tallow-chandler, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate Within)

Perry W. Eaton-Bishop, Hereford, miller, (Woodhouse, Hereford). Price G. Tottenham court-road, liquor-merchant, (Naylor, Great Newport-street) Postles R. Long-lane, victualler, (Ireland, Staple-Inn). Parkinson J. and Stork J. St. Saviour's Church-yard, hop-factors, (Abbott, Old Broad-street) Pope W. Westbury-upon-Severn, dealer in pigs, (Edmunds, Exchequer Office of Pleas).

Rose J. G. Buckingham-place, money scrivener, (Steventon, Chequer-court) Raynell H. Bristol, linen-draper, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Railton I. Egremont, (Wordsworth, Cat-Gill-Hall, near Egremont). Rayner R. Birmingham, button-maker, (Alexander, Bedford-row). Robinson I. Whitehaven, mercer, (Falcon, Elm-court). Roderick W. Llanelly, Carmarthen, dealer, (Jenkins and Co. New Inn). Rackstraw P. Tottenham-court-road, cabinet-maker, (Griffith, Featherstone-buildings).

Soanes R. Mark-lane, provision-merchant, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Stubbs R. Leek, butcher, (Townsend, Staple-Inn). Sintzenich P. New Bond-street, printseller, (Finnis, Hart-street).

Thackeray J. and J. Manchester, cotton-spinners, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Unwin J. Wandsworth, miller, (Druce, Billitter-square).

Watts W. Little Carter-lane, wine-merchant, (Hamilton, Tavistock-row). Weddell W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shopkeeper, (Windle, John-street, Bedford-row). Whittingham J. Liverpool, grocer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Wakefield W. Manchester, warehouseman, (Edge, Inner Temple). Wilby D. Ossett, York, cloth-manufacturer, (Clarkson, Essex-street). Winterbourn T. Aldersgate-street, cabinet-maker, (Kibblewhite and Co. Gray's-Inn-place). Wicksteed R. Carey-lane, scrivener, (Falcon, Elm-court).

Young T. Bartlett's-passage, jeweller, (Mayhew, Symond's Inn).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

June 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 119*l.* per Cent.
East-India ditto, 119*l.* ditto.
West-India ditto, 155*l.* ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal, 110*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* ditto.
Imperial Fire Insurance, 11½*l.* per cent. prem.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, Shut
Albion ditto ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 25*s.* per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 5*s.* ditto.
East London Water-works, 50*gs.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 15*l.* ditto
South London ditto, 50*l.* ditto.
London Institution, 84*gs.* per share

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE continuance of warm showery weather has been a favourable circumstance for the crops of all kinds of grain, which, in general, have a most healthy appearance. The pulse also, which was put into the soil at an early period, promise an ample produce, particularly beans, potatoes, &c. In general, the blooming has proceeded very favourably. Turnips also promise well. On the contrary, we are sorry to hear that there has been a general failure of the carrot seed this spring, the cause of which has not

been sufficiently ascertained. Some think that a sufficient quantity has not been sown per acre, and that old damaged seed is too frequently put into the ground. The quantity commonly sown in Norfolk is four pounds per acre; but Mr. Burrows, of Witchingham, has sown three hundred pounds on thirty acres. One acre of carrots is supposed to produce more food for cattle than three of turnips; and, if saved for seed, to yield about eight hundred weight, the average price of which, for the last five years, has been from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound, but this season it has advanced considerably. Hundreds of acres are ploughing up, which will be sown with other crops.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that the most plentiful crops of the present hay harvest will have the happiest effects in obviating the late unusual scarcity of fodder. The quantities of grass already cut, particularly in the midland and the grazing districts, have been usually large. The prices of fat stock are somewhat lowered. From the west, we are informed that a finer prospect for a cyder year was never known

Bacon is rather advanced in price. Beef, in Smithfield market, from 4s. 4d. to 5s 4d.; mutton, 4s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.; veal, 4s. 6d. to 6s.; pork, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; lamb, 5s. to 6s. 6d.

Middlesex, June 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 18, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	85	8	54	0	46	11	48	4
Surrey	85	0	50	0	47	2	47	4
Hertford	76	6	43	0	45	6	39	10
Bedford	75	3	———		44	9	44	8
Huntin	76	2	———		46	11	38	8
Northa.	75	0	46	0	43	6	39	0
Rutland	84	3	———		50	0	40	0
Leicest	78	10	———		43	6	36	11
Notting	86	4	52	0	47	6	39	0
Derby	83	10	———		43	0	37	10
Stafford	86	2	———		48	1	35	1
Salop	89	6	64	0	45	1	37	1
Herefor	76	0	41	6	34	3	33	11
Wor'st.	81	5	———		39	10	37	1
Warwic	84	6	48	0	48	3	41	11
Wilts	73	4	———		38	10	40	4
Berks	84	2	———		44	3	45	0
Oxford	77	3	———		40	6	40	9
Bucks	77	7	———		47	0	50	0
Brecon	70	11	44	9	34	2	26	8
Montgo.	91	11	———		33	7	34	2
Radnor.	77	2	———		37	8	29	5

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	78	6	49	0	49	6	47	6
Kent	80	9	———		46	0	48	0
Sussex	76	4	———		46	0	43	6
Suffolk	78	5	50	0	45	1	40	7
Cambridge	79	7	———		45	0	41	10
Norfolk	77	5	53	0	44	8	5	9
Lincoln	80	5	61	0	46	3	40	4
York	75	3	———		43	7	38	6
Durham	87	7	———		48	0	36	5
Northumberland	82	5	66	0	55	9	50	2
Cumberland ..	89	7	65	2	48	2	40	7
Westmorland ..	90	0	70	0	52	8	40	4
Lancaster	91	4	———		50	4	38	0
Chester	84	11	———		———		39	8
Flint	76	2	———		———		———	
Denbigh	96	5	———		48	0	36	0
Anglesea	———		———		42	0	35	0
Carnarvon	82	8	———		43	0	30	0
Merioneth	89	5	———		45	6	27	0
Cardigan	75	2	———		34	0	26	0
Pembroke	64	8	———		33	4	32	8
Carmarthen....	80	4	———		44	2	30	0
Glamorgan	81	0	———		45	4	29	4
Gloucester	78	0	———		40	8	37	0
Somerset	75	8	———		37	4	39	2
Monmouth	76	6	———		41	0	———	
Devon	77	3	———		34	10	33	6
Cornwall	75	0	———		41	2	32	0
Dorset	72	8	———		39	0	36	6
Hants	75	6	———		41	9	40	8

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 80s. 6d.; Rye 53s. 7d.; Barley 43s. 7d.; Oats 38s. 0d.; Beans 62s. 6d.; Pease 61s. 6d.; Oatmeal 49s. 10d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from MAY 25, to JUNE 21, 1808.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	898	1766	Males,	731	1376
Females	868		Females	645	

Whereof have died under two years old 378

Between					
2 and 5	-	181	60 and 70	-	88
5 and 10	-	69	70 and 80	-	88
10 and 20	-	51	80 and 90	-	32
20 and 30	-	90	90 and 100	-	7
30 and 40	-	136			
40 and 50	-	158			
50 and 60	-	98			

Peck Loaf, 3s. 10d. 4s. 4s. 1d. 4s.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4¼ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from MAY 27, 1808, to JUNE 24, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc	4 p. Ct Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct.	Long Anns.	4 p Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann	S Sea Stock	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons for Acct.
May																			
27	——	67¾ 68	67½	84⅝	100	——	18⅝	——	66¼	——	——	——	73	——	176¾	3s. pm	9s. pm.	20 15	69⅛
28	——	67⅛ ¾	66⅞	83	99⅞	——	18 9-16ths	——	——	7 9-16th	——	——	——	——	——	1s pm	9s. pm	20 19	68⅞
30	holiday																		
31	239	67⅝ 68⅛	67⅝	84⅞	100¼	——	18 11-16ths	2¾	66¼	——	——	——	——	——	178	Par.	6s. pm	20 19	69½
June																			
1	239	68 ⅛	67½	84¾	100⅜	——	18 11-16ths	2¾	66⅜	——	——	——	——	——	178½	1s pm	6s. pm.	21	69⅜
2	——	68¼ ⅜	67¾	84⅞	Shut	——	18¾	3	66	——	——	——	Shut	——	178½	1s. pm	6s. pm	21	69½
3	——	Shut	68½	85⅛	Do.	——	18⅞	¼	67⅜	——	97	——	Do.	Shut	Shut	1s. pm	——	21	70
4	holiday																		
6	Do.																		
7	Do.																		
8	243	Shut	69¼	85⅞	Shut	——	19 1-16th	4⅛	68	——	——	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s pm	6s. pm	21	70½
9	243	Do.	69⅛	86	Do.	——	19 1-16th	4⅛	——	5⅝	——	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. pm	6s. pm	21	70⅝
10	——	Do.	69	85¾	Do.	——	19	4	67⅞	5⅝	——	——	Do.	Do	Do.	1s. pm	7s. pm	21	70⅜
11	holiday																		
13	——	Shut	68⅞	85⅝	Shut	——	18 15-16ths	4	——	——	96¾	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. pm	8. pm	21	70⅝
14	243½	Do.	69	85¾	Do.	——	18 15 16ths	4	——	7⅝	96¾	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s pm	6s. pm	21	70½
15	——	Do.	69⅛	85¼	Do.	——	18 15-16ths	4	68⅛	——	——	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. pm	7s. pm.	21	70⅜
16	——	Do.	69¼	86	Do.	——	19 1-16th	4	——	7 11-16th	——	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s pm	7s. pm	21	70⅝
17	——	Do.	68⅞	85⅞	Do.	——	19	3¾	67⅜	——	96¼	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. pm	8s. pm	21	70⅜
18	——	Do.	68¾	85¼	Do.	——	19	3¾	67⅝	——	——	——	Do.	Do.	Do	1s. pm	6s. pm	21	70¼
20	——	Do.	68⅝	85	Do.	——	18 15-16ths	3	——	——	96⅝	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s pm	7s. pm	21	69⅞
21	——	Do.	68⅝	84⅞	Do.	——	18⅞	2¾	——	——	——	——	Do.	Do	Do.	1s. pm	8s pm	21 2	69⅜
22	——	Do.	68⅝	84⅝	Do.	——	18⅞	2½	67¼	——	96¼	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. pm	7s pm	21 2	69⅜
23	——	Do.	68⅛	85¼	Do.	——	18⅝	2	——	7 11-16th	——	——	Do.	Do.	Do.	Par	7s. pm.	21 2	68⅞
24	holiday																		

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